

THE CRITIC:

Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

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ROYAL MEDICAL BENEVOLENT COLLEGE, Epsom.—The Council have the pleasure to announce that the Right Hon. Lord STANLEY, M.P., has kindly consented to take the chair at the SEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the College, which will take place at the LONDON TAVERN on WEDNESDAY, the 6th of APRIL next, when it is earnestly hoped that there will be a large meeting of the friends of the Institution. Gentlemen who are willing to fill the office of Steward on the occasion are requested to forward their names to the Treasurer, JOHN PROBERT, Esq., 6, New Cavendish-street; or to the Secretary, at the office of the College, 37, Soho-square, W. A first list of Stewards will be advertised shortly. There is no liability attached to the office.

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MR. MURRAY begs to call the attention of Booksellers, News Agents, &c., to the following statement, which appears in consequence of his having refrained from taking legal proceedings against Mr. Henry Lea, 22, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row.

Albemarle-street, Jan. 1859.
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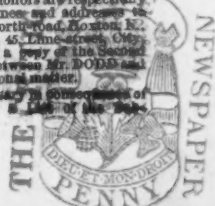
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NOTICE.

THE CRITIC is REMOVED TO 19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C. To which address all Communications, Advertisements, &c., should in future be sent.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

TO accommodate the Country Trade, and to facilitate the transmission to the provinces, THE CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications, Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current number.

JAPAN, China, India.—GREAT GLOBE. DIORAMAS OF JAPAN, CHINA, AND INDIA. Admission to the whole building 1s.—Great Globe, Leicester-square, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN DAILY, except on Sunday. Admission 1s.; on Monday 6d. Among the recent additions to the menagerie are the Mooruk from New Britain, and the rarest of the British waterfowl, the Red-breasted Goose. An official guide-book is sold in the gardens, price 6d.

PRIVATE BOXES for all the Theatres, in the best situations, can be secured at HAMMOND'S (Jullien and Co.), 214, Regent-street.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.—Private Boxes and Stalls, in the best situations, at all the Theatres, may be secured at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

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Monday, HAMLET.—Tuesday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Wednesday and Saturday, THE CORNICIAN BROTHERS.—Thursday, MACBETH.—Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—And the PANTOMIME every evening.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

Continuous success. Nightly crowded houses. Seventh week of Balfe's new Opera, and Pantomime.

Monday, January 31st, and during the week, Balfe's SATANELLA, or the Power of Love. Miss Louisa Pyne, Rebecca Isaacs, Susan Pyne, Mortimer, Mr. Weiss, G. Honey, St. Albyn, W. H. Payne, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. The Little Pantomime, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. Mr. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Barnes, and Flexmore, Miss Clara Morgan, Miles, Morlacchi and Pasquale.

Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Private Boxes, 1s. 1s. to 3s. 3s.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circles, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s. and 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. The Box Office open daily from ten till five, under the direction of Mr. J. PARSONS, where places may be secured free of any charge for booking.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

THE DRY RECORD of what has occurred at the various observances of the BURNS Centenary Anniversary speaks too eloquently to need much comment. Perhaps never before—not even when ancient Greece assembled the wisest and bravest of her sons to do honour to the venerable SOPHOCLES—has so much been done to exalt the memory of a poet as what took place, on Tuesday last, throughout, not Scotland alone, but England, Ireland—wherever the English or the Scottish language is known upon the globe. Of all these celebrations perhaps none was so thoroughly successful as that of which alone we are able to speak—the Glasgow one. Without casting any slur of depreciation upon the festivals at Edinburgh, at Dumfries, and elsewhere in Scotland, nowhere was there gathered together such a collection of eloquent and celebrated countrymen of the Bard as in the City Hall of Glasgow. Six hundred fellow-countrymen and (what would have been dearer to his eyes) four hundred fellow-countrywomen of “the lad was born in Kyle” were there to be “proud of ROBIN.” Presiding over all was Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, the historian of Europe, supported by the son of the poet, Colonel JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS, he that was christened after the benevolent nobleman of whom the father sang in some of the noblest lines that he wrote:

The bridegroom may forget his bride was made his wedded wife yestreen,
The monarch may forget the crown that on his head an hour has been,
The mother may forget the child that smiles so sweetly on her knee,
But I'll remember thee, GLENCAIRN, and a' thou'st done for me.

There, too, was BREWSTER, one of the patriarchs of science; HALIBURTON, a son of Nova and a grandson of Old Scotia—the man who unites the solid mental qualities of the country of his ancestry with the acuteness and vivacity of that of his adopted one; there was LOVER, the bard of Erin, come to do honour to his Scottish brother; there was DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, one of Scotland's most eloquent preachers, and GLASSFORD BELL, one of the most distinguished of her advocates. There, too, from England had come the son of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM and the son of DOUGLAS JERROLD, to do honour and take part in the proceedings of the evening. But why recapitulate the programme? Suffice it to say that every position and every calling that can give man a right to follow at the bier of genius was there abundantly represented.

As for the carping of the *Times*, that the whole of the proceedings were too intensely natural, no accusation could be more unjust or more untrue. Not only was a large portion of the evening's proceedings consigned to the English guests, but the Committee of the Glasgow Centenary had the singular good taste to confer the task of acknowledging the toast of “The Press” to an English representative of that profession, and we have reason to believe that, with one exception, that arrangement met with the approbation of every member of the local press. To pass, however, to higher matters, we must add our testimony to the almost universal acclaim of approbation which has greeted the committee of management at Glasgow, when we say that it was impossible to have improved upon their arrangements. The excellent taste and tact displayed in everything that occurred were so admirable, that but one feeling prevailed during the enactment of the scene—that of admiration; and but one gave a tinge of sorrow to its close—that of regret that we shall not live to see it repeated.

Some few curious and most interesting points arose during the proceedings of the evening, which deserve not to go unrecorded. First, the amusement created when Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON (one of the high-priests of Toryism) let slip the admission that all sons of genius are naturally Radicals. The passage is not to be found in his printed speech; nor is the prolonged explanation with which he vainly strove to undo what he had irrevocably done. Another curious touch was the effect produced by the contrast between HALIBURTON's straightforward, didactic style of speaking, and the effervescing wit and vivacity of his writings. Having attuned their faces to hear something bristling with point and sparkling with epigram, what was the astonishment of the audience at having to listen to a lecture on colonial emigration! The third great effect of the evening was reserved for Mr. BELL, who, being a sort of local rival in oratory to Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, conceived it in good taste to preface the toast of “The Poets of England” by attempting to rival the Chairman's speech to “The immortal memory of ROBERT BURNS.” Finally, and above all, came the triumph of bigotry over great good sense and admirable powers of oratory, when Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD attacked the memory of the poet for the naughty things he had written, and suggested the publication of an abbreviated edition as a fitting commemoration of the BURNS Centenary. However, the recollection of these matters rather adds a spice of humour than detracts from our fulness of enjoyment; and we shall, to the end of our days, never cease to rejoice that it fell to our lot to participate in the glorious and exciting scene which was enacted in the City Hall of Glasgow on Tuesday night.

Although no “Rejected Addresses” have yet appeared from those who may be inclined to be witty at the expense of the disappointed 620, several BURNS poems have found their way into print, and before the week is over we shall be inundated with silent

protests against the injustice of the terrible three. One of these now lies before us, the author of which has evidently doubted its capabilities for becoming popular, for he writes upon the cover, “Only twenty-five copies printed.” Another comes from Glasgow, by ANDREW PARK, the author of “Silent Love.” The first four opening lines will suffice to give a taste of its quality:

The Muses smiled on that prophetic morn,
When ROBERT BURNS, the ploughman bard, was born:
“Ha! ha!” they cried, “now comes a votary fit
To wake old Scotia's lyre to love and wit.”

The best contribution of the kind which we have yet met with is “St. Mungo's Ode to BURNS,” written by Mr. C. R. BROWN, the Secretary of the BURNS Celebration at Glasgow, and already well-known as a poet of no mean powers. The stirring rhymes in which the patron saint of Glasgow apostrophises the Bard are fuller and more vigorous than anything of the sort we have yet met with.

As for the poem itself, we are obliged to record what is the undoubted fact, that the prevalent feeling is of disappointment. We are not disappointed, because we expected nothing—certainly far less than has been produced. That the poem has fine lines in it, it would be unjust to deny; but when we hear that it is the best of six hundred and twenty-one, our opinions as to competitions are more than fully borne out. Those who are anxious to discern something especially fine in the poem have selected for special commendation the following stanza:

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star wane yet;
So through the Past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

This, however, is but an impoverished version of one of the finest figures in SHELLEY's poem “To Adonais.” We subjoin the parallel passages without further comment:

And many more, whose names on earth are dark
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die,
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose robed in dazzling immortality:
“Thou art become as one of us,” they cry.

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beams from the abode where the Eternal are.

A TESTIMONIAL from the readers of a public journal to its editor is almost a novelty in this country. The honour of receiving such a mark of distinction has fallen upon the Editor of the *Law Times*, to whom has been presented a magnificent centrepiece, bearing this very gratifying inscription:

The Testimonial
of
THE SOLICITORS OF ENGLAND AND WALES
to
EDWARD WILLIAM COX, Esq.,
presented in recognition of his unwearied and successful endeavours,
as
EDITOR OF “THE LAW TIMES,”
to promote the mental, moral, and social advancement of
their branch of the Legal Profession.
1858.

The Editor has thus acknowledged the compliment:

TO THE SOLICITORS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.
GENTLEMEN,—I have received a magnificent centrepiece bearing this inscription: “The Testimonial of the Solicitors of England and Wales to Edward William Cox, Esq., presented in recognition of his unwearied and successful endeavours, as Editor of the *Law Times*, to promote the mental, moral, and social advancement of their branch of the Legal Profession. 1858.”

I thank you for this proof of your confidence and esteem, and I shall best express my gratitude by increased endeavours to deserve them.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obliged and faithful servant,
1, Essex-court, Temple, 1st Jan. 1859. EDWARD WILLIAM COX.

SOME weeks ago we noticed a suggestion for the formation of a Society for Public Readings, designed to amuse and inform those who cannot read, or who read so imperfectly that it is more a toil than a pleasure to them. The proposition emanated from the Temple, where a party of gentlemen, who had been accustomed to practise reading as an art, volunteered their services in the work. The scheme was well received, and almost without an effort it has been brought to maturity. Lord BROUGHAM has accepted the presidency. The Bishops of LONDON and of OXFORD, and many others of note, have joined it as patrons. An active committee has been formed, comprising among them such men as Professor MAURICE, Rev. Mr. LONSDALE, Rev. Mr. BELLEW, and Rev. Mr. WATSON. Officers of the use of public institutions and school-rooms for the readings have been received from all quarters. The plans of the Society are very simple. Rooms will be procured in all parts of the Metropolis (and it is hoped that the good work may be extended into the provinces), in which, on appointed evenings, competent readers supplied by the Society will read aloud selections from English literature, such as the works of SHAKSPEARE, SCOTT, GOLDSMITH, DICKENS, MACAULAY, &c., chosen with the single design of amusing those who cannot amuse themselves by reading readily. A little experience will show what subjects, styles, and authors, are most attractive to the illiterate, and these will be preferred; wholesome amusement being the primary purpose of the Society. To this end the public will be admitted at the charge

of one penny; but some seats will be reserved for those who are willing thus to contribute towards the cost by the payment of a shilling. Care will be taken to admit no more than can be seated comfortably. The reading will commence at eight o'clock and end at half past nine. Already arrangements have been made for three readings, particulars of which will be found among the advertisements. A staff of good readers has already volunteered, among whom Mr. BELLEW and Professor MAURICE are known to the public. We may venture to hope that a society whose aims are so excellent, and which is entirely unconnected with any political or sectarian purpose, so that all may join in promoting it, will find the support it needs in one of three forms: 1. Annual subscriptions, however small, to defray its expenses. 2. The gratuitous use of rooms for its readings. 3. The aid of competent and practised readers, on whose capacities its attractions for an audience will so much depend. We shall watch and report with great interest the progress of this useful society.

THE opening of the new reading-room of the British Museum has, after a twelvemonth's trial, produced one result which was hardly anticipated by the authorities. The new accommodations and luxurious contrivances for the comfort of readers, and the magnificence of the new room have been so widely noised abroad by the Press and the holiday sight-seers, who are allowed to spy the room from the threshold of its doors, that all the world who are not utterly unable to procure a respectable referee, appear to have determined to become literary students. Upwards of forty persons a day sometimes satisfy the trustees of their claims, and enter themselves upon the books. Two hundred and forty a week, twelve thousand a year! And it is within the memory of old habitués of the room, that fifteen grave gentlemen, presided over by a deputy librarian, at one small table, was once considered a strong muster. The number of students who really attend has already overtaken the greatly increased accommodation of the new room, and seats at mid-day cannot always be found. The great catalogue progresses slowly, having now reached letter G.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON while receiving an important deputation on Tuesday at the Colonial Office, gave a curious, but we fancy unconscious, confirmation of the charges brought against the "Circumlocution Office" by his brother novelist. It appeared that though a memorial had been sent in and due notice given, Sir EDWARD had heard nothing of the matter till five minutes before, if indeed he had heard of it at all; in explanation of which he somewhat naively remarked that in such offices "papers of importance passed through several departments, and required time for inspection; first, they were sent to the Emigration Board, thence to another office, and then to the SECRETARY OF STATE, who might refer it to some other department." The reader will observe the vagueness of the description of the unfortunate document's final resting place as far as Sir EDWARD is enabled to sketch out its itinerary—"some other department!" What other department? This is exactly what the bewildered Mr. CLENNAM and his friend the mechanical genius were always "wanting to know."

A CORRESPONDENCE inserted in the *Times* this week shows in a striking light how little our English money system is understood by men of business, or even by all-knowing editors. A gentleman writes from Liverpool, in great trepidation, to inform the world that he has been recently handling large quantities of silver money, and that he has discovered that our shillings and sixpences are all fast dwindling away to the thinness and plain surface of mere wafers. Now, what is to become of commerce if this is to go on? Nay, how far has this metallic consumptive disease already done its mischievous work? Was it the true cause of the great commercial panic? Is this the secret worm

which is growing into the vitals of the shipping trade? These are the kind of terrors which induce the Liverpool gentleman to write to the papers, and the editor, we suppose, to insert his letter. For both he and the editor have read in the pages of MACAULAY how the clipping and sweating of silver coins nearly turned the tide of our Revolution, and sent the Dutch prince packing home again. We recommend both editors and correspondents, however, to the gentle sedative of an article on "Coinage," in any Encyclopædia, or Commercial Dictionary. They will there learn that King WILLIAM's trouble arose simply from the fact that silver was at that time the practical standard of value. Ours, on the other hand, is gold, and gold only. Silver sixpences of Queen VICTORIA are merely counters, not passing for their metallic value, but as fortieth parts of a sovereign, and they would, of course, answer the purpose as well if they contained but half as much silver, so long as the Mint authorities, as they are bound to do, and could not fail to do without immediate detection, refrained from issuing too many. We thought that this was one of the things well known to Mr. MACAULAY's "fifth-form boy;" but there is evidently a sad want, just now, of a little useful information.

MR. DODD, whose offer of the land at Langley and other advantages was so illiberally received by the Committee of the Dramatic College, has published a second edition of his pamphlet, including all the remarks of the public journals upon his case. We are glad to see that the opinions expressed by the CRITIC in Mr. DODD's favour have been since almost universally adopted by the press. Since the publication of our remarks, we have again carefully perused Mr. DODD's statements, and the documents by which they are supported, and we have discovered no reason to modify in the slightest degree our opinion already expressed, that the behaviour of the Committee towards, Mr. DODD is wholly unjustifiable.

GENERAL JOHN JACOB.

IN MEMORIAM.

(By E. H. BURRINGTON, Author of the "Revelations of the Beautiful," &c.)

Britannia weep!—there's cause enough for tears—
 Britannia smile!—there's ample cause for joy—
 Tell the proud stranger that thou hast no fears;
 Tell him thy freedom hath no base alloy;
 Say how the swarthy and the crush'd Sepoy
 Exalts thy name o'er his dishonour'd grave.
 In thy majestic march thou dost employ
 Bold hearts which only beat thy fame to save—
 Weep o'er thy brave ones dead, smile that thy dead were brave!
 Weep longest, mourner, longest weep for one
 Born within sound of our old borough bells,
 Who nobly fought 'neath India's burning sun,
 And died—how honoured only history tells!
 Where truth hath power to speak, or valour dwells,
 Let his dear name be echoed evermore,
 For he, the best of England's sentinels,
 Watch'd o'er her fame on India's fertile shore,
 And made his name resound e'en to her inmost core.
 Ay, in that land, that dreamy land of beauty,
 Where symbol and romance go hand in hand,
 He taught the nations all the worth of duty,
 The power of will, the daring of command—
 Leader and comrade of Scinde's dusky band!
 Quick with the sabre, trenchant with the pen!
 Truth was with him an instinct great and grand,
 And falsehood skulked abash'd before his ken,
 As if it feared one man among the ranks of men.
 Not thou, Britannia, no, it was not thou!
 Who grudged reward, but could not stifle fame;
 The dastard's blush had stain'd thy noble brow
 If thou hadst tried to blast a Jacob's name,
 And thou hadst crawl'd into eternal shame!
 Only the drones of State, the men mis-sent
 To guide and govern England are to blame;
 But we, the people, we in tears lament
 "This Murat in the field, this Lawrence in the tent."
 Bridgwater, January 17, 1859.

* General Jacob was born at Woolavington, about four miles from Bridgwater.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

LADY MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Passages from my Autobiography. By SYDNEY LADY MORGAN. London: Bentley.

HAVE WE NOT READ, somewhere, of a "pretty old woman of Vevay," who danced a minuet on her hundredth birthday, was smiling, and sprightly, and wore red-heeled shoes to the last? Was there not also Ninon de l'Enclos, who, in her eighth lustre, had still beauty enough to captivate the roguish Master Aronnet de Voltaire, who made love to her under pretence of reading in her library. For the Ninons, and Sophies, and Manons of those days had libraries, studied Count Algarotti's "Newtonisma per le dame," and could even sometimes spell. The clever old ladies, strong in cheerfulness and intellectual vitality long after their physical days have turned but to labour and sorrow, seem dying out as a class. Where are the Du Deffands, the Récamiers, the Duchesses D'Abrantes, the Lady Corks, the Mrs. Montagues, with their peacock hangings? If not extinct, their number diminishes every day. So late as the Great Exhibition year in Paris, Madame Saqui was yet ready to dance all Acrobatic on

the tight rope for a wager; till within a year of her death Madame Vestris threw, laughingly, diamond darts at Time, and, old and careworn, could yet be, on occasion, the incomparable Eliza Bartolozzi whose *tibia* and *fibula* captivated us in "Giovanni in London" ('tis on the display of the *femur* that the modern executants of "breeches" parts mainly depend)—whose rich contralto notes entranced us in the "Marriage of Figaro." The brilliant old ladies disappear, to return no more. Does this utilitarian age, with its cranks, and pistons, and endless-strings of social responsibilities, wear them out too quickly. There were no ladies' committees for refuges and reformatories—no ladies-patronesses of soup-kitchens and servants' homes—no ladies' tract-distributing and district-visiting societies in the pleasant days when Manlius was consul (we will give the much abused Plancus a holiday for a while), and George the Superb was Regent. Fine ladies then were fine ladies indeed, and had leisure to converse on Shakspeare, pictures and the musical glasses, to rear Dutch puggles, concoct *bon mots*, and entertain pages like Lady Caroline Lamb's. The young ones flirted, went to hear Velluti sing,

and wondered at the shrillness of his tones; thought Lord Byron a dear, dangerous, delightful, wicked man, and Mr. Long Pole Wellesley a little wild, but the pink and pearl of English gentlemen. The old, the clever, ladies lived in the traditions of that better (worldly) time when the Regent was the gay young Prince darting after Perdita at the Pantheon masquerades—when the *gros mot* was pardoned for the wit with which it was seasoned—when gentlemen took too much wine after dinner, but could yet say smart things to the ladies over the tea and muffins—when gambling was one of the chief amusements of polite society—when the Lady Bellastons of the time were tolerated for their beauty and accomplishments, and the Duchess of Kingston was not quite ostracised from decent society. No vile Jacobins had as yet broken up that delightful state of French society to which our ladies, when wearied with English dissipation, could resort—in their own coaches and four, mind, from Calais, not in the democratic carriages of the Chemin-de-fer du Nord. The Faubourg St. Germain was not then a gloomy quarter, in whose streets the grass grows, and whose melancholy hotels are now, some turned into lodging houses, some tenanted by paupers of long descent. The Faubourg was the centre of aristocratic life. There were gilded boudoirs and little *abbés*, frizzled and perfumed. There were *mousquetaires gris* and commanders of Malta, and *vidames*, *baillis*, *chevaliers*, and *lieutenants criminel*, who sent opera singers to the Madelonnettes for throwing up their parts. There were *dessus deportes* painted by Boucher and Fragonard that would call down the animadversion of Lord Campbell now. There were fans of chicken skin, with miniature vignettes by Lancret and Lantara. There were hoops and powder, patches and *lettres de cachet*, demireps and farmers-general, knights of St. Louis and Franciscan friars. The charming Faubourg was enveloped in a mesh of gold and silver threads—threads which the miserable Damians once essayed to hack at with his puny penknife—threads that were afterwards rudely and irrevocably severed by the Parée who wore the *bonnet rouge*, and danced the *Carmagnole*, by Clotho alias Danton, by Lachesis otherwise Marat, by Atropos, better known as Maximilian Robespierre. And those golden threads were vascular, and bled terribly. Between the gifted Lady who now offers some passages of her autobiography to the world, and the epochs we have glanced at, the philosophic reader may find some odd connecting links. Lady Morgan is modern enough in her style, and knows well how to fashion her thoughts to the age in which she lives; yet her published reminiscences bring upon us whole shadowy troops of dead and gone celebrities, who flattered and flattered, not only during the Regency in England and the Empire in France, but in the halcyon days before the “Deluge,” before the great French Revolution.

We are not so ungallant, we will not be so ill-natured, as to make any inquiries respecting the date of our authoress's certificate of birth. Enough for us be it, and let us hasten, moreover, to inscribe in the critical archives that the charming book which Sydney Lady Morgan chooses to designate “an odd volume,” shows no traces of senility or of the decay of that intellectual power whose raciness, whose freshness, whose originality, whose thoroughly human vivacity charmed us long years since in the pages of “Florence Macarthy,” and the “Wild Irish Girl.” Nor do the quickness and shrewdness of observation, the tact and the acumen, the talent for graphic description so notably displayed in “France,” and “Italy” seem to have diminished by one iota. It is true that much of the matter in this “odd volume” was indited when the century was in its teens; but traces of recent and careful revision by Lady Morgan are visible throughout the work, and additional and explanatory remarks are interspersed in sufficient abundance to show that these are not the sweepings of an author's portfolio and *paperasses*, raked together to answer mere book-making purposes.

This first instalment of Lady Morgan's autobiography is mainly epistolary, consisting in letters written from London and Paris by the authoress herself, in a charming style of familiarity and absence from restraint, to her sister, Lady Clarke, in Dublin. They contain, in Lady Morgan's words, the “simple records of a transition existence, socially employed, and pleasantly and profitably occupied, during a journey of a few months from Ireland to Italy.” “I lingered,” the sprightly diarist continues!

In this “path of dalliance,” this “delicate plain of ease” (as dear old Bunyan calls it), with the same careless enjoyment as Little Red Riding Hood must have had on her way to her grand-dame's hut, pausing only to pick up a flower here or a pebble there, insensible to the proximity of the grim wolf who was waiting to devour her, I, like Little Red Riding Hood, loitered to pick up a flower or secure a pebble that lay in my way, whilst the proximity of that grim wolf Time, which sooner or later devours all things, was unheeded. But the flower gathered retains its fragrance; and the pebble, like the scarabæus found among the antique rubbish of Egyptian tombs, bears the divine impress of genius.

Time, all *edax rerum* as he is, has been very good to Lady Morgan; has strewn more fragrant flowers and shining pebbles in her path for her to pick up, we trust; and left her last Christmas-day full of *verve* and liveliness, and with a heart as green as when she was the pet of Dénou and Lafayette, and the young and frolicsome writer of the “Book of the Boudoir” and the “Book without a Name.”

We are first favoured with extracts from “Lady Morgan's Journal,” dated from Kildare-street, Dublin, in August, 1818, when she was preparing to undertake a journey to Italy, in company with her husband, Sir Charles Morgan. She was already well-known, envied, and admired in the fashionable society of Dublin, London, and Paris; she was already in the enjoyment of considerable celebrity as the authoress of a shrewd and lively book on “France,”—a work whose liberal opinions enounced in a most downright manner had incurred

the sovereign displeasure of the Bourbons, and moved their government, as effete as it was cruel, to proscribe both the book and its writer. The High Tories of England were crying haro on her, and the *Quarterly Review*, always particularly brutal in its dealings with the fair sex, had made her the subject of several gross and personal attacks. Nevertheless “‘France’ was in its third edition; Mr. Colburn was eager for an “Irish novel of Extravaganza,” and offered munificent sums for a projected work on “Italy.” Letters were received from General Lafayette (the supreme old egotist who rode the white horse, chattered *persiflage* to Marie Antoinette, and imagined that “the belle Bourbonnaise” was in love with him, and to the last believed that he had contributed as much if not more than George Washington to the establishment of American Independence), containing an invitation to his château of La Grange. Dénou too—Egyptian Dénou, Napoleon's Dénou—writes “a brilliant little note” from Paris, beginning “*Venez donc, chère drôle de corps*,” or as we may render it “dear little mischief;” so Lady Morgan and her husband (who throughout, it may be observed, though a highly respectable and sensible makeweight, and a pattern husband, is somewhat of a bore) pack up and pack off.

A little further on we have an odd parenthesis bearing on the vexed question of fine ladies nursing their children; and the expression of Lady Morgan's warm agreement with Jean Jacques Rousseau, who denounced the practice of vicarious suckling. We all know how tender-hearted the author of “*Emile*” was on all that concerned children; still

‘Tis a pity a man of such exquisite feeling
Should send all his brats to the Foundling, my dear.

Straightway, after this, we find ourselves in Vanity Fair; and it is curiously enough, the date being remembered, the very same Vanity Fair that Mr. Thackeray has depicted. We are in 1818. But three years since Waterloo was fought, Paris and the chief towns in France are now garrisoned by Croats, Scotch Highlanders, and Cossacks; the “Allied Sufferins,” as Mrs. Ramsbottom called them, are at a premium; the Holy Alliance is being mooted; Madame Krüdener is mystifying the Emperor Alexander; Queen Caroline is yet careering about the Mediterranean; Sir William Gell has paid a flying visit to England, and has “got ridiculed about royalty;” Talma is in London, starring *en petit comité* at Lady Cork's “evenings;” and the cockneys have not yet forgotten the Temple of Concord and the Chinese bridge in the parks, and Sir William Congreve's rockets and roman candles. What a pity Mr. Thackeray was not permitted a peep at some loose leaves of Lady Morgan's autobiography, ere he commenced the *epopea* of Rawdon Crawley and Becky Sharp! What piquant details, what subtle *doubles entendres* we might have expected! In London, Lady Morgan lodges in Conduit-street; apartments being secured for her by the accommodating Colburn; for she “has still some of ‘Florence Macarthy’ to write, and *proofs to correct*.” A wary man, Mr. Colburn. He announces her arrival in London amongst the “fashionable intelligence,” by way of a puff. He is full of compliments and courtesies; he hints at “two thousand pounds” for a copyright.

Lady Morgan meets Lord Kinnaird, a “charming man.” “After all,” she says, “there is nothing so charming as an Englishman when he is charming (*cosa rara*): he is the real thing, and no mistake.” But when is an Englishman “charming,” Lady Morgan? When black swans are to be had for half-a-crown a piece in Leadenhall-market? Lady Morgan leaves her card at Melbourne House for Lady Caroline Lamb, who has been “forbidden to write for publication by her family,” which prohibition we can't help regarding as a very excellent thing for Lady Caroline, and who, in her extraordinary boudoir, has the portrait of Byron, painted by Sanderson, and the legs of the chair on which Byron used to sit, screwed to the ground. It was this accomplished, but somewhat crazy lady who was so desperately enamoured of the noble poet, *qui n'en voulait pas*; and who, in an access of jealous rage at a fancied slight from her noble idol, tried to cut her throat at an evening party with a broken tumbler. Strange it is to reflect how extremes meet! In the lordly regions of Grosvenor or Piccadilly the fashionable lady essays suicide with a fractured goblet of crystal; while in remote Westminster, or, at least, at Lambeth, “on the other side of the water,” the lowly and lovelorn vendor of “lily-white sand” puts an end to his existence by means of a pane of glass, subsequently sacrificing the patient animal that bears his gritty merchandise to Pluto and Phlegethon.

Mr. Colburn's “puff” brings flocks of visitors to the Morgans' residence. There is Lady Arran, and “handsome Flora Macleod,” the “beautiful Lady Elizabeth Monck,” and “Lady Cecilia and Sir George,” all the quality in fact. “Miss Florence Macarthy” visits Lady Arran, in Cumberland-place; and in the midst of a “Dublin cancan” (a gossiping, not a saltatory one), the door opens, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex is announced. We must let Lady Morgan describe the royal advent in her own words:

Grand Movement. We all rose up, and then all sat down. Morgan and myself were presented to him; the rest were old acquaintances. The Duke kept up a pleasant bantering conversation with me, on the subject of my work on France, not agreeing with me in many of my opinions, occasionally appealing to Morgan, and saying many civil things on his part of the work, which pleased me more than any eulog he could have given on mine.

Good-natured “Florence Macarthy!”

“But, sir,” interrupted Lady Cecilia, “do tell us something about the royal wedding now;” and Lady Arran pressing him close, and wanting to learn details, he said, “Why, ma'am, you did not expect me to have stayed for the wine posset, and the

throwing of the slipper." At which we all threw down our eyes, and affected prudery. His Royal Highness, I think, looked grave, and said, after a pause: "A wedding is no joke, and least of all a royal one." "How did the Duke look, sir?" said Lady Arran. "Humph!" said he, "not very brilliant." "And the Duchess of Clarence, sir," said Lady Cecilia, "is she as plain as is reported?" "Quite," said the Duke of Sussex, emphatically; "but, so amiable and gentle; her goodness is unmistakable."

The italics are our own. Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex judged correctly in his estimate of the character of the Duchess of Clarence. As the "good Queen Adelaide" it will be long ere that most charitable and pious princess fades from the memory of the people of England. We must compliment his late Royal Highness, too, on his sagacious remark that weddings, especially royal weddings, are "no joke." Royal dukes do not generally shine much in conversation; but the princely Sussex appears to have been an excellent *causeur*.

We are still in Vanity Fair. In Lady Arran's drawing-room it is scarcely dusk—*entre chien et loup*—when the folding doors of the back room are thrown open and exhibit an interior brilliantly lighted, with a card-table on one side, and a buffet with refreshments of all sorts on the other. The Royal Duke, Sir George, Lady Cecilia, and Lady Arran sit down to cards. About this time, dusk, it is very probable that Mr. Arthur Thistlewood is "sitting down" with Mr. Tidd, or Mr. Brunt, or Mr. Ings, in some wretched taproom off Claremarket, to devise means for slaying the "bloated aristocrats." But the Cato-street conspiracy will not be ripe for two years yet; and then it will be the card-playing Duke's half-nephew, Captain Fitzclarence, who will be sent with a party of the Guards to seize the conspirators in their loft. Extremes meeting again.

Lady Morgan finds visiting cards in Conduit-street from Lady Besborough, Lady De Ameland, and "lots of men." She accompanies Lady Charleville to the picture gallery of Grosvenor House to meet Sir Thomas Lawrence, who is off to Rome to paint the Pope's portrait. "Mary Cork and Orrery," as the eccentric Countess of that name was wont to sign herself, invites her to one of her particoloured parties. "My dear," she said: "I have all parties of all colours: pink for the exclusives, blue for the literary, grey for the religious—at which Kitty Birmingham the Irish saint presides—for I have them all in their turns; then I have one party of all sorts, and I have no colour for it." "Oh," said Lady Morgan, "call it 'dun-ducketty mud colour.'" "Mary Cork and Orrery" laughed and adopted it. Next our authoress goes to the King's Theatre (the Opera House) taking "Lady Susan Douglas and sweet Lucy Drew," and there in a full and brilliant house in which, however, she declares the women "are nothing to compare in beauty with Dublin, and where the grand novelty of a gas chandelier is for the first time exhibited, she meets the Duchess of Clarence, whose "skin is yellow, her hair lemon colour, her eyes pink, and her features sharp." "His handsome Royal Highness" (Mrs. Jordan's friend) honours Lady Morgan with a salute of recognition "in memory, I suppose, of our conversation at Harrington House years ago."

Then to a *conversazione* at Lady Charleville's, where she sees the Rev. Dr. Milman, who wrote "Fazio," and is now Dean of St. Paul's. He was a "lion" then. Mrs. Opie, the authoress, Lady Morgan's "old crony," is there also; and Jekyll, the wit; and "lots of grantees, ambassadors and ambassadresses." Next day, Lady De Ameland (the morganatic Duchess of Sussex, whose marriage has just been repudiated) takes her out for a drive; a "yellow Indian judge" at a dinner, offers her a written account of his interview and conversation of two hours with Napoleon. (O Lady Morgan, Lady Morgan, where is the priceless document?) She meets Colonel Luttrell, the electioneering opponent of Wilkes, the much be-flayed of Junius. She sees, at Sir George Cockerill's, "some pretty quadrille dancing; all the girls in gauze frocks, with ropes of satin and tulle flounces, and abundance of scarlet flowers on the bottoms of the petticoats in bunches. The heads worn in every way, but all flat, and the hair chiefly divided down the centre to show the skull [like your own way], and then jutting in curls behind the ears."

The Duchess of Argyll—who, with the exception of Mrs. Fitzherbert, was the handsomest woman in the room—had a beautiful black crop with no ornament; the Duchess of Richmond, with the "ancient old" castle diamonds; and the Duchess of Rutland beautiful as ever; the girls and young women frightful; *more beauty in a little Dublin party than in all London*. We left it soon, though Lady Besborough begged of us to stay to hear a little Russian girl recite verses. However, as we had seen her dance with a Russian boy in full Russian costume, and were not particularly amused, we went off. This Russian girl is an object of sentimental fashion. She was found among the heaps of slain near Moscow. She has the face of an old Calmuck Tartar, and was dressed in a blue and silver tunic, with a turban and feathers. The ladies were crying "Charming," but I never saw such a fright.

We must bid adieu to Vanity Fair (where are the handsome duchesses now?) and follow Lady Morgan across the Channel to Paris, where she arrives to be fêted and caressed and made much of as in London. She finds "dear Dénon surrounded by English fashionables;" the Bishop of Blois embraces Sir Charles Morgan, heretic as he is; the Princesse De Craon sends a message that, notwithstanding "difference of opinion," she will come and see the authoress of "France" immediately; Benjamin Constant writes "a beautiful letter;" she meets a young painter, "brother of a liberal writer," who is no other than the afterwards famous Ary Scheffer; she has numerous confabulations with Augustin Thierry, whom she prophesies will one day become a great historian, and who has obligingly verified her Ladyship's prediction; she pays visits of considerable duration to Lafayette, and describes very charmingly and naturally the patriarchal state held by that ancient National Guardsman at La Grange, "Blesneau, Pas de Rogoy, Département de la Brie;" she hears Carlonel muttering Béranger's "Sainte Alliance," the "most anarchical

of his songs," and learns with astonishment that the illustrious *chansonnier* prefers the society of the *caveau* to dining with Talleyrand or the Rochefoucaults, or even with Grandpapa Lafayette; the great Humboldt leaves his card in the porter's lodge in Paris; she goes to a *soirée* at Sophie Gay's, where she meets her daughter, the pretty, clever Delphine, afterwards Madame Émile de Girardin, and the Princesse de Chimie (query, Chimay?), once the famous Madame Tallien, and, finally, "a simple and elegant-looking woman, no longer young, and plainly dressed in white silk, without a single ornament, and only a *bandeau* binding her beautiful black hair; but such eyes, once seen they were never to be forgotten." This was Mademoiselle Mars.

Here is a glimpse of Vanity Fair in Paris:

Dress is much dearer here than in London. A little dress of coloured muslin, for which I paid ten shillings in London, I was here asked forty for; but, *en revanche*, I got four pairs of beautiful satin shoes for fifteen shillings. There is a *tricoté* silk scarf which they wear here round the head, *en turban*, which is really very elegant. I have sent you one by Curran. I have promised to sit for two pictures for Dénon—one for engraving (seated, by the way, in one of his magnificent Egyptian chairs, with a curious lion's head on each side), and the other picture for the Exposition du Louvre, 1821. I have already given *une séance* for the first; but the man was so much more occupied in sketching the lion's head than mine, that, after three hours' sitting, I declared to Dénon that I would not *poser* any more, unless he muffled his lions, at which he laughed heartily. . . . We are every hour expecting to hear a good account from Clarke; our anxiety about you embitters all our pleasure. Describing to Madame d'Houchien your situation, and my anxiety about you, she exclaimed: "Pourquoi, Madame, fait-elle ce vilain métier-là?" French women of condition, she said, "des femmes comme il faut," never have more than two or three children, at most. So you see, my dear Olivia, they manage these things better in France.

We leave Lady Morgan, after a triumphant Parisian campaign, at Geneva, *en route* for Italy, and whence she writes to her sister, giving her a list of the books she is about to forward to her: Dénon's folio "Egypt;" the "Maximes" of La Rochefoucault, given to her by his lineal descendant, Count Gaiton de la Rochefoucault; the "Works of Madame De Sévigné (the darling!);" those of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, and Volney—an odd sisterly present—and Sismondi's "Républiques Italiennes."

"Florence Macarthy" winds up characteristically:

I assure you (she writes to her sister) there is no need for you to be uneasy at our travelling so far without servants, as we have resolved on taking two Italians, man and maid, who, on our arrival at Milan (where every accommodation is provided for us by the dear Count Confalonieri), I mean to *exploiter* them both, and turn them into Arlequino (query Arlecchino?) and Colombina—the hero and heroine of the Italian stage (query Pantomime?) . . . Now, dear, don't send any of the "Crawleys" trapesing after me; and don't give any one my Italian address, except to the O'Connor Don, who is an honour to our country, and one of its most graceful representatives.

There are, it seems, Irish and Irish.

So we close Sydney Lady Morgan's "odd volume," hoping and believing that, ere long, her vivacious Ladyship will favour us with another touching on her adventures in Italy. The portion of the autobiography already published is, as we have hinted, a record of "Vanity Fair," *pur et simple*; but it is written by one of the kindest and most genial of worldlings.

MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.

The Life of John Milton: narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By DAVID MASSON, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I. (1608-1639.) Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

MILTON WENT TO CAMBRIDGE at the age of sixteen, and finally left it seven years afterwards (in 1632) on taking his M.A. degree. Christ's was his college, and the baffled biographer makes an avowal of ignorance which might have been much wider in its scope—"why the elder Milton chose Christ's College, in Cambridge, or, indeed, why he chose Cambridge University at all, rather than Oxford, for the education of his son, does not appear." Milton at Cambridge fills nearly a fourth of Professor Masson's bulky volume; but what is really known of the poet's academic life might have been put into twenty lines, instead of occupying two hundred pages. This section of the volume may be read with interest on the banks of the Cam, but to the general public it must appear somewhat tedious. In the form of annals, Professor Masson gives the events (such as they are) of each academic year, along with lists of fellows of colleges, notices of Cambridge dons, and some obsolete but not altogether unamusing gossip from the correspondence of old Meade (a fellow of Christ's), preserved in the British Museum. Of Milton's literary performances of the period, the only one of any note is "the sonnet written on his being arrived at the age of twenty-three," and containing the often-quoted line:

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye,

a sonnet composed just when he was leaving Cambridge. Professor Masson has fished up from a little volume published in the last year of Milton's life, certain academic essays, which possess, he thinks, "a singular autobiographic value;" a verdict which few readers of the extracts given from them will confirm. Their chief worth is the slender proof which they contain, that Milton latterly was respected and popular at the university where he was rusticated when an undergraduate. Professor Masson disposes, in a summary way, of the story that Milton was, as Aubrey bluntly phrases it, "whipt" by his college tutor; or that, as Dr. Johnson expresses in more stately fashion, "Milton was one of the last students in either University, who suffered the public indignity of corporal correction." The words "whipt him," are, it seems, interlined by Aubrey, and therefore,

according to Mr. Masson, are untrustworthy! The zealous biographer resolves the whole into "at most a tussle between the tutor and the pupil in the tutor's rooms." So be it.

In his college Milton had been called "the lady" from the delicacy of his complexion and the slender elegance of his figure. Piecing together, from a variety of authorities, a description, partly confirmed by a portrait of him painted for his father when a Cambridge student, Professor Masson delineates Milton when leaving college as of a little under the middle height, with light brown hair, complexion of very delicate white and red, clear eyes of a dark grey, and "with a certain prevailing air of the feminine in his look," which is not to be confounded with effeminacy. The story of the young foreign lady, by the way, falling in love with him when sleeping under a tree is briefly dismissed as "a myth." Largely read in domestic and classical literature, serious in mood, filled with a lofty enthusiasm to do or say great things, by no means unconscious of his own gifts and accomplishments, and almost entirely devoid of humour or fun—such was John Milton when he left Cambridge. Why did he not enter the Church, for which his father had destined him? In later years Milton himself answered the question, by assigning as a reason his disinclination to the subscriptions and oaths required from candidates for holy orders. But this must have been an after-thought, for he had twice subscribed the articles to which candidates for ordination were required to assent. At the time itself, Milton, in a letter to a friend, alleged only that he preferred waiting. Professor Masson, however, answers the question by ascribing Milton's reluctance to the condition of the Church, in which the Puritan element was then being threatened with defeat. The biographer then gives a very long and elaborate chapter descriptive of the state of the English Church in 1632. It is an excellent, impartial, and instructive survey of men and things ecclesiastical in the England of the time. But certainly there was no need for so lengthy a disquisition to solve so easy a problem.

We turn over a hundred pages headed "Church and Government—Bishop Laud," but we do not yet rejoin the poet. Upwards of a hundred more are devoted to a "Survey of British Literature" in 1632, Poets and scholars, dramatists and archaeologists, the Jonsons, Drydens, Donnes, the Ushers, Wottons, Seldens, and Prynnes, all are here, sketched and criticised with a pleasant minuteness and unctious not new, we dare say, to Professor Masson's youthful auditors of University College. Not a single person of the slightest note or interest is omitted, and we regret that our space does not allow us to quote from this, perhaps the most agreeable, though not the most indispensable, section of the volume. "It was an age," however, as Professor Masson himself admits, "in which small men were unusually prominent." The Shakespeares and Bacons were gone; the Miltons and Newtons had not yet come. In his exhaustive fulness of disquisition and detail Professor Masson even "goes into" the statistics of the book trade in 1632. In 1859 we have about fourteen new publications per day, in 1632 the average was, it seems, not quite three a week. This comparison is more or less interesting, but was it necessary, was it desirable, to print, as Professor Masson has done "from the registers of the Stationers' Company, a list of all the entries of new copies and of transfers of copy during the complete half-year from July to December 1632, inclusive?" Who cares, or can care to know, that on the 19th of December 1632, there was entered "a Funeral Sermon," by Dr. Francis Rogers? With useless lists of men and things Professor Masson too often encumbers his volume.

At last we reach once more the Milton "whom we knew." He is not at the old house in Bread-street, but at a country residence of his father's, at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, in the district now well known to newspaper readers as the Chiltern Hundreds. Here, with occasional trips to London, he resided for five years. To quote his own words: "I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday in turning over the Greek and Latin writers; not but that sometimes I exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning something new in mathematics or in music, in which sciences I then delighted." It was in this rural seclusion that he wrote the earliest of the pieces which have made him immortal, the "Allegro" and the "Penseroso," the "Arcades" and "Comus." Horton should be a shrine—of a sort—to the British literary pilgrim. Professor Masson describes it lovingly, lying in a "rich, teeming, verdurous flat, charming by its appearance of plenty, and by the goodly show of wood along the fields and pastures, in the nooks where the houses nestle, and everywhere in all directions to the sky-bound verge of the landscape," dominated by "royal Windsor itself," and "the towers and battlements" thereof. Conjectural biography, of course, has great scope in imagining the young poetic Milton's visits and walks in and about Horton, whose leading people are carefully catalogued and sketched. More important, there is "a probability" that during his visits to London, Milton took music-lessons from Henry Lawes who taught music to the Bridgewater family, and who dedicated "Comus" to Lord Brackley, the then Earl of Bridgewater's son and heir. Doubtless, it was through Lawes that Milton furnished the words of the "Arcades" performed before the aged Countess Dowager of Derby, who, to her death, retained that designation, though after her marriage with Lord Derby, she had been wedded to the great Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, father of the first Earl of Bridgewater. "Arcades" was mostly performed by young Egertons, and what wonder that when they wanted a masque to be "presented" at Ludlow Castle, Milton should have been applied to? But there is not the slightest

proof of a personal acquaintance between the scrivener's son and the noble Egertons, though Professor Masson fondly believes in its possibility. "Comus," written in 1634, was not published till 1637, by which time Lawes found himself so pestered for MS. copies of it, that he prevailed on Milton to allow its publication. Even then it was published anonymously. If "Comus" acted, did not procure its author the acquaintance of the Egertons, it secured him the esteem and admiration of good and clever Sir Henry Wotton, then Provost of Eton, and drew from him, when Milton was departing for Italy, a kind letter containing, among other things, the celebrated hint of "I pensieri stretti, il viso sciolto." Our readers have derived from us but an imperfect notion of Professor Masson's diffusive industry if they do not guess that the chapter on "Horton, Buckinghamshire," contains a full, true, and particular account of the Countess Dowager of Derby and her Egerton kinsfolk, with an exhaustive history of masques in general, and a copious criticism on "Comus," the "Arcades" and their minor poetic brothers and sisters.

During those Horton years of 1632-7, the "Great Rebellion" was preparing in England and Scotland, and Professor Masson's narrative of the gestation of that ever-memorable phenomenon is fresh and interesting. Towards the close of the period, occurred the publication of the beautiful "Lycidas;" admiration of which, the late Lord Jeffrey (if we remember rightly) pronounced to be the surest sign of a taste for poetry. The plague, too, came to Horton, among other places, and Professor Masson duly copies from the Horton register all the deaths in the year 1636! Among them was that of Milton's mother, but surely the rest might have been forborne. In the autumn of 1637, we find Milton writing to Diodati, that he thinks of leaving Horton, and "of migrating London-wards, into some inn of the lawyers, wherever there is a pleasant and shady walk; because there I shall have both a more convenient habitation among some companions, and more suitable head-quarters if I choose to make excursions anywhere." He did soon make an excursion, and of an elaborate kind. In the spring of 1638, Milton left England for a Continental tour, with his father's permission, and "one man-servant." The political state of the Continent, interestingly, the notabilities of Paris, Florence, and Rome, less so, are described by Professor Masson in connection with this tour, of which the chief incident was the visit to Galileo, alluded to afterwards in the "Areopagitica." Milton, a travelled man, but unpolluted by Continental vices, according to his own memorable declaration, planted his foot on English ground again in the autumn of 1639—the "Great Rebellion" approaching nearer and nearer. At this point the volume closes. The next one will have to tell of quite other employments than the composition of masques for "presentation" by the scions of aristocracy!

We take leave of Professor Masson with great respect for his abilities, his candour, and his industry. That he would have done better had he made the historical section more subsidiary to the biographical, and had he omitted much superfluous matter in the nature of cataloguing, is a criticism which we have already hinted. But with its several faults of commission (save and excepting the want—a great one—of an index of any kind, it would be difficult to point out a fault of omission), this promises to be the life of John Milton. Perhaps, after all, to publish too much rather than too little in connection, direct or indirect, with so celebrated a personage, is to err on the safe side. And as the Theatre-Manager in the prologue to "Faust" observes, from the point of view of a practical man and experienced caterer for the public:

Whoso brings much, to each one brings he something!

TALES FROM THE NORSE.

Popular Tales from the Norse. By GEORGE WEBBE DASENT. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

WE CAN WELL IMAGINE that most of the readers of Dr. Dasent's version of these interesting tales will be not a little astonished at the light in which he expects his labours to be regarded; nevertheless he claims no more than his due. A collector of fairy tales is by no means necessarily a purveyor of light reading for the nursery; on the contrary, his task is capable of connection with the profoundest problems of ethnology and philology. Language, says Emerson, is fossil poetry, each familiar word was originally a stroke of creative genius, and it might in sober simplicity be said of Earth's primeval inhabitants that—

They could not open
Their mouths, but out there flew a trope.

At present most words have been ground down into prose by constant use and connection with homely things; yet, when we can pierce through successive layers of custom to the original signification, a brilliant jet of poetry often starts up like a fountain in the desert. What a lovely picture of manners, what a sweet revelation of the simplicity of early home existence, is afforded by the mere discovery that *daughter* originally meant *milker*! and the knowledge that *brother* was of old equivalent to *protector*, of itself tells us that our Aryan forefathers were as sensitive as ourselves to the duties and the solaces of domestic life. Just in the same way fairy tales are fossil mythology. They now amuse children, but the time has been when they expressed the belief, the morality, the poetic ideal, of great nations. To know what stories old-world Russians and Scandinavians told each other about "the giant who had no

heart in his body," or Boots, the cunning younger brother, is to know how we ourselves should have thought and spoken, had we exchanged generations with them. Thus we are helped to obtain some notion of the moral and social aspects of the primitive world.

For instance, these old fictions teem with allusions to mysterious beings, of whom it is hard to say whether they are human or not—giants, ogres, dwarfs, trolls. The story is told from age to age, its original significance more and more overlaid with an accumulated crust of traditional perversion, until at last a man of genius divines that these dim forms stood for the old inhabitants of the country. In an instant this obscure, forgotten race, hitherto only reminding us of their life by the records of their death, ever and anon disturbed by the plough, are brought into a living, human, sympathetic connection with ourselves. We know what our ancestors thought of them; we can imagine the two races in contact, and study the picture, blurred and indistinct though it be, which the conqueror has drawn of the dispossessed. In the giants of these hoary traditions we recognise the mental inferiority of the stone-weaponed race; at the same time we see how their very strangeness and wildness, which must have seemed quite weird to the well-ordered Aryans, clothed them with grotesque and exaggerated proportions, lengthening, like shadows in the evening, as the real form receded farther and farther out of memory and clear thought. Probably, then, the stories of dwarfs are of older date. These mystic beings are uniformly represented as lonely, retiring, mis-shapen, and physically weak, but sly and cunning, and, at the same time, suspicious and revengeful beyond expression. How clearly we trace in this the picture of an inferior and oppressed race, hunted from its old possessions into dark haunts and shy solitudes; and then, its faculties sharpened by necessity, its vengeful instincts developed by wrong, and itself invested with the spell of loneliness, in turn an object of dread and awe to its conquerors. Just such another—possibly a fragment of the same race exists at this hour in Ceylon, in the *Vedas*, or wild men and women who sleep in trees; and Robert Drury found a corresponding tribe in Madagascar—the *Verzimbers*. These, however, had passed through the oppression and the awe to the veneration of the natives. They lived undisturbed in villages of their own, were free from toll and tax, and were supposed to enjoy a miraculous exemption from sundry prevalent diseases. It does not appear whether any relics of this singular people yet remain.

Nor are these traditions less important in connection with the labours of the ethnologist and philologist. We are very glad that Dr. Dasent has devoted part of his highly interesting preface to a consideration of this aspect of the subject, and trust that it may prove an exception to the Rhadamanthine law which commonly dooms introductions to remain unread. As there are few sciences more important than ethnology and philology, so there are few respecting which the popular mind is so utterly uninformed. The very words Aryan and Indo-Germanic are mysterious to most educated people, and we suspect that more than Dr. Dasent's imaginary Highlander will feel sceptical as to the consanguinity of the latter with the dark Hindoo he bayonets on the Ganges or the Gogra. Nevertheless, there is no fact more certain. In such works as the one before us, Schleicher's collection of Lithuanian traditions, and the august labours of the brothers Grimm, we seem to see the blocks out of which will one day be reared an Aryan Valhalla, which each branch of "the supreme Caucasian mind," working in the unconstrained of ancient unlettered simplicity, will be found to have impressed with a native and peculiar character. The Slavonians will perhaps prove to have best retained the first rude simplicity of the popular mouth, heightened into moral dignity in the Norse, and sculptured into the perfect beauty of art in the Greek mythology. Celtic tradition will be found to have caught poetry from the melancholy outlook into the wide Atlantic; in the islands and the opposite Breton coast "of ancient fable and fear," the Northern elves became fairies, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" a possibility. The influence of his native scenery on the Norseman is well stated by Dr. Dasent in this finely-felt and eloquent passage:

For these Norse Tales one may say that nothing can equal the tenderness and skill with which MM. Asbjørnsen and Moe have collected them. Some of that tenderness and beauty may, it is hoped, be found in this English translation; but to those who have never been in the country where they are current, and who are not familiar with that hearty simple people, no words can tell the freshness and truth of the originals. It is not that the idioms of the two languages are different, for they are more nearly allied, both in vocabulary and construction, than any other two tongues, but it is the face of nature herself and the character of the race that looks up to her, that fall to the mind's eye. The west coast of Scotland is something like that nature in a general way, except that it is infinitely smaller and less grand; but that constant, bright blue sky, those deeply-indented, sinuous, gleaming friths, those headstrong rivers and headlong falls, those steep hillsides, those long ridges of fells, those peaks and needles rising sharp above them, those hanging glaciers and wreaths of everlasting snow, those towering endless pine forests, relieved by slender stems of silver birch, those green spots in the midst of the forest, those winding dales and upland lakes, those various shapes of birds and beasts, the mighty crashing elk, the fleet reindeer, the fearless bear, the nimble lynx, the shy wolf, those eagles and swans and seabirds, those many tones and notes of Nature's voice making distant music through the twilight summer night, those brilliant, flashing, northern lights when days grow short, those dazzling, blinding storms of autumn snow, that cheerful winter frost and cold, that joy of sledging over the smooth ice, when the sharp-shod horse careers at full speed with the light sledge, or rushes down the steep pitches over the crackling snow through the green spruce wood—all these form a Nature of their own. These particular features belong in their fulness and combination to no other land. When in the midst of all this natural scenery, we find an honest, manly race, not the race of the towns and cities, but of the dales and fells, free and unsubdued, holding its own in a country where there are neither lords nor ladies, but simple men and women. Brave men and fair women, who cling to the traditions of their forefathers, and whose memory reflects as from the faithful mirror of their native steel the whole history and progress of their race. When all these natural features, and such a manly race meet, then we have the stuff out of which these tales are made, the living rock out of which these sharp-cut national forms are hewn.

Perhaps the psychological aspect of these tales is the most interesting of any. He who wished to make the songs of a people might as well have wished to make their hearts. Learned, powerful, eloquent books are no test of the feelings of the people among whom they are produced. They evince the force of the individual soul, and nothing more. But the artless song, the simple tale unrecommended by literary merit, can only be sustained by congruity with the feelings and modes of thought of the nation among which they are current. Were they ever to become out of harmony with the popular mind, they would cease to amuse, and be quietly disengaged from the minds and memories of men. Most of these stories express, in their rough, simple way, some truth dear to the old Norse heart,—the beauty of courage, of chastity, of mother-wit. Thus in "True and Untrue," when the good brother's eyes have hardly been torn out, before he is so efficaciously assisted by the bear, the wolf, the hare, and the fox, we are taught that all things work together for the good man, and the sentiment of Wordsworth's grand sonnet to Toussaint l'Ouverture is found pure and fresh as a violet, ages ago, in the grim barrens of Norway. The grotesque story of the Master Smith, which Dr. Dasent condescends to vindicate from the charge of profanity, is, in truth, a capital homily on the policy of resisting the devil. The charm of kindness and docility is beautifully conveyed in "The Two Step-sisters;" and it would be easy to produce many more examples of simple unmoralising morality.

We select the following tale for its brevity, and as a characteristic specimen of Norse humour:

TAMING THE SHREW.

Once on a time there was a king, and he had a daughter who was such a scold, and whose tongue went so fast there was no stopping it. So he gave out that the man who could stop her tongue should have the Princess to wife, and half his kingdom into the bargain. Now, three brothers, who heard this, made up their minds to go and try their luck; and first of all the two elder went, for they thought they were the cleverest; but they couldn't cope with her at all, and got well thrashed besides. Then Boots, the youngest, set off, and when he had gone a little way he found an ozier band lying on the road, and he picked it up. When he had gone a little farther he found a piece of broken plate, and he picked that up too. A little farther on he found a dead magpie, and a little farther on still a crooked ram's horn; so he went on a bit and found the fellow to the horn; and at last, just as he was crossing the fields by the King's palace, where they were pitching out dung, he found a worn-out shoe-sole. All these things he took with him into the palace, and went before the Princess.

"Good day," said he.
"Good day," said she, and made a wry face.
"Can I get my magpie cooked here?" he asked.
"I'm afraid it will burst," answered the Princess.
"Oh! never fear! for I'll just tie this ozier band round it," said the lad, as he pulled it out.
"The fat will run out of it," said the Princess.
"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad, and showed her the piece of broken plate.
"You are so crooked in your words," said the Princess, "there's no knowing where to have you."
"No, I'm not crooked," said the lad; "but this is," as he held up one of the horns.
"Well!" said the Princess, "I never saw the match of this in all my days."
"Why, here you see the match to it," said the lad, as he pulled out the other ram's horn.
"I think," said the Princess, "you must have come here to wear out my tongue with your nonsense."
"No," I have not," said the lad; "but this is worn out," as he pulled out the shoe-sole.
To this the Princess hadn't a word to say, for she had fairly lost her voice with rage.
"Now you are mine," said the lad; and so he got the Princess to wife, and half the kingdom.

It will be collected that, on the whole, we highly approve of the manner in which Dr. Dasent has performed his task. The book is, however, very deficient in one respect—no attempt has been made to indicate the startling resemblances between these Norse stories and the popular traditions of other—often very distant and quite unconnected nations. This, without drawing very largely on the translator's erudition, would have greatly enhanced the pleasure and profit of the reader. Some passages, too, in this racy and spirited version would almost lead us to doubt whether Dr. Dasent be quite of the immortal Shakspeare's mind touching the fundamental difference between familiarity and vulgarity.

SACKVILLE'S DRAMAS.

The Works of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst. Edited by the Hon. and Rev. REGINALD W. SACKVILLE-WEST M.A. London: J. Russell Smith.

THIS LITTLE BOOK can not contain the works of Sir Thomas Sackville, Knight of the Garter, Baron Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer of England, Privy Councillor, and occasional ambassador, who, during a most momentous period of our history, was one of its busiest statesmen. His works, if they were not destroyed on account of their state secrets or voluminousness, must fill many folio volumes with treaties, correspondence, and documents; but, probably, if discovered, would afford little to interest any but the antiquarian historian. This little book then, we take it for granted, contains only all that can be found of his Lordship's poetical works, and, strange to say, that a third of that is disputed. In truth, it may well be predicated that had his statesmanship produced and perfected only what is to be found here, the general reader would have heard little of him, and his position amongst the British poets would have been, to use the jockey phrase, nowhere. He has, however, in addition to his political and heraldic position, another claim to the notice of posterity; for in conjunction with a fellow-student of the Inner Temple in 1561, in his twenty-fifth year, he composed a tragedy in five acts, which was performed at some famous Christmas revels by the members of that inn of court, and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall. It was entitled

"Gorboduc," and subsequently "Ferrex and Porrex." This tragedy, regularly digested into acts and scenes, written in English and in blank verse, is generally reputed to be the earliest tragedy of our language, and lying as it does near to the very fountain head of that drama which is universally allowed to be the most lifelike, and at the same time poetic, in the world, it naturally creates an interest from its position in our literature, which its own merits would certainly not obtain for it. Whether it is entitled to hold this position may well be doubted; its authors took no pains to claim this distinguished honour, though it was printed three times during their lives; and there is every reason to believe that early in the reign of Henry VIII., a fashion had arisen amongst the learned, of writing plays in English on the classical models, which were performed by the scholars and members of the universities, collegiate schools, and inns of court. Nicolas Udall, a Master of Eton College, had written a comedy called "Roister Doister," and indeed many more plays on the models of Plautus and Terence, some years before "Gorboduc." Bishop Still's "Gammer Gurton's Needle," was also contemporaneous with Buckhurst's play, if it did not precede it, although the earliest known printed edition is dated 1566; and, indeed, there are many traces about the time of the Reformation of the numerous appearance of English plays on the classical models. It has been said by its ablest editor (Mr. Durrant Cooper, for the Shakespeare Society), that "Gorboduc" is remarkable as being the first historical subject regularly brought upon the stage of this country; as the earliest *extant* piece which can with any fitness be called a tragedy; and as the first play in the English language written in blank verse." Notwithstanding such respectable authority, we must say there is little to sustain the assertion. Hundreds of plays were written and even acted at the foundation of our drama, that never were printed, as we may be certain from the fact that nearly a century later Shakespeare died without having committed at least sixteen of his plays to the safe custody of print.

As an early specimen of our dramatic literature, "Ferrex and Porrex" is undoubtedly extremely interesting, and it is not without merit of its own; though we cannot assent to Mr. Hallam's assertion that it contains "fertility of imagination, vividness of description, and strength of language, which not only leave his predecessors far behind, but may fairly be compared with the most poetical passages of Spenser." Even if this were a correct criticism, we know not how much of the merit belongs to his partner, Norton, whom he found in the Inner Temple Hall presiding over the theatrical department, and who was afterwards a thriving barrister. The present editor, who shows symptoms of strong family predilections, makes very light of Mr. Norton's assistance, and uses only the edition of 1570, which makes no mention of his name; though in the first edition of 1565 (that used by Mr. Durrant Cooper for the Shakespeare Society) it is expressly stated that "three acts were written by Thomas Nortone and the two last by Thomas Sackville." Indeed, Mr. Sackville West is altogether hard on Norton, setting him down as little better than a rhymester of the Sternhold and Hopkins school; though we have evidence of versification by Norton which shows far more natural facility than that of Sackville, and which would lead us to imagine that the liveliest poetical and dramatic parts were the production of the lithe man who knew the world and mankind, whilst the heavy didactic and classical diatribes proceeded from the highly cultivated classical scholar. That a feud and rivalry existed during the sixteenth century, between the academic dons and the wild Bohemian geniuses such as Shakespeare and the outcast Marlowe, and many others, there is sufficient proof. Indeed, this fact receives some unconscious evidence from the present volume, which has a few hitherto unpublished letters of Lord Buckhurst, which we may remark, by the way, have all a querulous tone. In one of these he bewails the state of his son, and says, "In a very grete and extreame illness he fell into a litargie, sins which from a litargie he hath fallen into a distraction, &c." It has always been supposed that Shakespeare girded at Lord Burleigh through the imbecilities of Polonius; but it is much more probable it was Lord Buckhurst, who succeeded Lord Burleigh as Lord High Treasurer in 1599, but had long before been the rival and strong opponent of Lord Essex and Lord Southampton, the friends, if not the patrons of Shakespeare. He, indeed, mainly contributed to the condemnation of the Earl of Essex, and presided at his trial as Lord High Treasurer in the February of 1600. It will be remembered that Polonius describes, in his tedious style, the sickness of Hamlet thus:

And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension
Into a madness.

Now, it is not meant to assert that Shakespeare parodied any particular words of the prolix Lord High Treasurer, but his general style; and this notion is further carried out by the dialogue of the player King and Queen, which, with its turgid appeals to the heathen deities and to the sun and other heavenly bodies, very well represents the notion of poetry that possessed the writers of such tragedies as "Gorboduc." The moral twaddle of the player King, with its threadbare commonplaces from the old philosophers, might well pass for the speech of Eubulus, the model counsellor in Lord Buckhurst's tragedy. We have dwelt on this point because the present editor, following higher authorities who ought to know better, says, "we may

trace to Sackville the style and character which English poetry afterwards assumed in Spenser and Shakespeare." We are quite sure this is erroneous in the case of the last, and have little doubt that it is as erroneous in that of the first. "Ferrex and Porrex" is a pedantic adaptation of a low classical model to an English subject. It has its tyrant king; wise and long-winded counsellor; its furious queen, and its combative brothers; and its chorus with strophe and antistrophe. It has but few glimpses of passion, is turgid in its poetical flights, prosy in its moral dissertation, and awkwardly political in its voluminous denunciation of resistance to established authority. It is, indeed, the play of a sucking statesman, and no one would be surprised on hearing that the author had at the end of his life become Lord High Treasurer though they would have been greatly surprised had he turned out a brilliant and prolific dramatist. What inspiration Shakespeare or his daring young compeers could derive from such a source we leave his and their admirers to say. It were too long to show that the great Elizabethan drama took its rise from totally different sources.

With regard to the other portion of the works, it is merely that part of the "Mirror for Magistrates," written by Lord Buckhurst. It contains "the induction" to the poem, and the story of Richard the Third's Duke of Buckingham. The idea is evidently inspired by Dante's great poem, and there is in it some rhetorical grandeur, as might be expected from a cultivated and talented mind fresh from the earnest study of ancient Greek and Latin and more recent Italian poets. But the source of the inspiration is so apparent that it presents the idea of direct imitation.

This edition is only remarkable for the tasteful printing of our more than modern Aldus, Whittingham; and it forms a volume of the valuable series entitled "The Library of Old Authors," in which Mr. Russell Smith is giving some standard works of our elder poets that had become scarce, and therefore inaccessible to the more general reader.

REMINISCENCES OF A REVENUE OFFICER.

Harry Roughton, or Reminiscences of a Revenue Officer. By LIONEL J. F. HEXHAM. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THERE are game-preservers who hold poaching to be a more heinous offence than murder—unless, indeed, the murder be committed upon a gamekeeper; and so Mr. Lionel Roughton, an ex-officer of the Queen's Customs, is evidently of opinion that smuggling is, both morally and legally, one of the most grievous crimes in the calendar—the whole aim and object of the book being to show that to defraud the revenue is to incur the loss of goods and mental peace, and that ruin inevitably waits upon the heels of all those who succeed in getting to windward of the gauger. Now, as we are all more or less poachers by nature, and, unless we be squires or keepers, all look with a very different eye upon the rustic who is convicted of bagging a hare or a pheasant, and the knave who lifts a washing of clothes, or robs a hen-roost—and all this in spite of the many learned arguments to be adduced respecting claims of property, manorial rights, and *fera natura*, so it is also undeniable that a very large proportion of her Majesty's subjects are, if not by nature at least by art, smugglers. Who has not done a little bit of smuggling in one way or other? You, gentlemen, in the case of that packet or two of tobacco stowed under the folds of your ample cloak; and you, ladies (ah! you ladies are the arrantest smugglers of all), in the matter of those sweet pieces of Mechlin, that lovely Genoa, and those several dozens of Jouvin's kid, stitched up within the mysterious recesses of—well, well; it were best not to be inquisitive. Of course, we do not for one moment uphold the infringement of the law—none of us do that—only there are certain legal functionaries who have always been considered fair game, and to outwit whom has ever been considered a joke rather than a crime. The beadle is one of these, the exciseman another. Did not the Titanic muse of Robert Burns enjoy to the top of his bent a 'cute trick played upon the gauger?

The story of this volume, such as it is, may soon be told. Harry Roughton is a prosperous tradesman until he falls in with a certain Mr. Pitt, who persuades him to share in a smuggling adventure. Evil hour for Harry when he consents! for from that moment he knows no peace. There are exciting adventures in the way of "runs," and so forth; but in the end retribution comes in the shape of the Customs' solicitor. Harry is made the scapegoat of his accomplices, and is ruined by the costs and penalties. His angel-like wife, who has always endeavoured to counteract his smuggling propensities, acts still more like an angel in his distress. She and the good rector, who has given Henry many a word of admonition, persuade him to make a clean breast of it to the Customs' solicitor, who forthwith obtains a free remission of the penalties, and enables Henry Roughton to become an honest, duty-paying tradesman once more. Not a word can be said against a moral so obviously admirable; and, as the book is very well written, and contains many interesting adventures, it may confidently be recommended to readers.

A few specimens of the scenes and adventures with which its pages are rife, will better testify to the merits of this work than anything we could say:

THE SMUGGLER AND THE REVENUE OFFICER.

The habit of the smuggler in those days being to decamp at the prospect of discovery, Rogers was surprised to see one of that class deliberately approaching him. Could he mean to make some traitorous communication by which to save himself at the expense of his comrades, or did he mean mischief? Rogers did not half like his position, and, though no coward, reflecting that it was his duty to seek for aid rather than to fight at such a moment, he retreated towards the cliff, to regain the footpath; but old Jem, quickening his pace, speedily lessened the distance between

them, upon which Rogers started off at a run. Old Jem, as active as a cat, gave chase, and the officer finding his pursuer close upon his heels drew his pistol, not for the purpose of maiming his adversary, but of giving an alarm, which would bring him timely aid from his brother officers. Pointing the pistol skyward, he pulled the trigger, but two hours' exposure on such a night had damped his powder! Old Jem was near enough to hear the harmless click, but as there was not light enough to enable him to see that the muzzle of the weapon was averted, his suspicions suggested that it was levelled at himself. With the bound of an infuriated tiger, and vowing vengeance, he sprang upon the unhappy Rogers. Violently struggling to free himself from the savage gripe of his enemy, the startled Rogers essayed to raise a cry, but Jem's hand was on his throat in a moment, and the stifled voice died in an inarticulate gurgle. With the fury of desperation Rogers struck his antagonist a blow, but that blow was not returned, old Jem being preoccupied with a deadlier vengeance; grappling the retreating officer with redoubled force, he urged him, despite all resistance, step by step, to the verge of the cliff. The dull roar of the breakers, and a glimpse of the white surf, dimly visible in the dark obscurity of the beach below, warned Rogers of his impending danger; a terrific hand-to-hand struggle ensued, but all his exertions seemed unavailing. Jem planted himself with dogged determination for a final throw. Rogers felt that one or other, or both, must perish in the deadly strife, and, revolting as was the thought of blood, the instinct of self-preservation prevailed over every scruple. With hair erect and a clammy perspiration on his brow, he nerved himself in this moment of danger and despair for the decisive effort, and putting forth a degree of strength almost superhuman, he raised his foe from the ground and poised him for a moment over the shadowy abyss. His foot receding, in this last effort, from the slippery turf, he involuntarily relaxed his grasp, and Jem, availing himself of the critical moment, grappled poor Rogers with the energy of a giant, and hurled him over the fearful precipice; but Rogers, seizing the skirt of Jem's coat as he fell, drew him after him, and both rolled helplessly over the beetling crag. A piece of projecting rock a few feet below fortunately interposed, and the two wrestlers fell, one on each side of the projection. Rogers clung with an agony of despair, to the skirt of his foeman's coat, which, stretched across the rock that separated them, constituted the sole link between them and impending death. Paralyzed by the sudden shock, they hung face to face for some time before they realised the horrors of their fearful position; then as it were by one consent, each endeavoured to find some footing to secure his own safety, but the saturated chalk crumbled beneath their feet. In this state of frightful suspense, Rogers, grasping with both hands the rock to which he clung, perceived that the burly figure of his antagonist was gradually rising, whilst the coat was slipping towards himself, and he receding slowly downwards. Jem's vigorous limbs had ploughed channel after channel in the treacherous soil, until at length he had found a resting-place for his right foot on a mass of chalk and flint stones, by the aid of which he had already got his left knee on the top of the rock, and saw a means of escape, if he could only detach himself from his foe. The latter, scarcely aware of Jem's design, from inability to see his actual position, sought to work upon him by suggestions for their mutual safety—"I have no enmity towards you," said he, "give me your hand, let us help each other." Jem glared upon him with a gloating satisfaction and replied as he drew his knife—"I'd sooner die than save a wretch who would have shot me like a dog." These words fell like a death knell on the ear of Rogers, who, as he saw the knife gleaming above him, exclaimed "God forgive me, and pardon you." In another moment the fragile garment, by which alone Rogers was suspended, would have been severed by Jem's relentless blade, when a voice above arrested the villain's design, and glancing upwards he saw the twinkling eyes of Jack Golithy looking on with a fiendish gratification. "Give me your hand, Jem, and let the beggar go," said the young rascal.

This interruption had given Rogers breathing time, and he suddenly exclaimed—"Jem, if that be your name, I declare to God and you I did not mean to shoot you; I pointed in the air, intending to give an alarm; I only did my duty, why should I die for that?"

"Very true," said Jack; "give a hand, Jem, and I'll help to pull you both up together; it looks tarnation queer down below there."

Jem's thirst for vengeance was somewhat subdued by Rogers's declaration, for there was a truthful earnestness in it which he could not help believing; but Jem was an old soldier, and resuming his knife, he looked down upon poor Rogers, and in a sepulchral tone, enough to make the bravest quail, he said—"Swear by all that's holy, you won't peach, or I'll cut the thread of your life hang on."

Poor Rogers, half fainting, said—"I swear, I swear," and in five minutes, the two deadly foes again stood side by side upon the brink of the abyss; and Rogers, swooning, fell into the arms of Jack. Whilst poor Rogers was recovering from the effects of his overwrought exertion, towards which the two worthies rendered every aid in their power, Jack recounted the events of the night so far as he was concerned.

THE OFFICER IN THE HEARSE.

A dark cortege was seen wending its way along the high road, and approaching with solemn and measured step towards the turnpike-house. Shortly before eleven o'clock on the Monday morning, a pair of sharp impatient eyes watched from the upper chamber of that toll-house, the slow advance of the sombre-looking equipages—a hearse and two mourning coaches, drawn by unexceptionable black horses, and driven by well-appointed drivers wearing the aspect and solemnity of well-affected grief. The owner of the sharp eyes was almost deceived into the belief that it was what it appeared to be, and fancied either that he was duped again, or that, as the approaching retinue had arrived before the time appointed, the mock cavalcade had yet to come. He pondered over the matter for a brief space, resolving to proceed with caution, lest he should commit himself.

"Lock the gate," said he to the toll-gate keeper, "and delay them awhile that I may reconnoitre."

With these words he sauntered into the road, and as the hearse approached, he inquired in respectful terms and courteous manner whose funeral it was.

"What's that to you?" replied the driver.

"It is something to me," said Cinderow with visible irritability; "I suspect there's something more than a funeral here, and I'll know all about it."

The driver retorted—"Ask the undertaker there, it's no use botherin' me; open the gate, old fellow; what are you starin' at?"

The gatekeeper replied—"I'll just trouble you for the toll first."

Whilst this was going on the undertaker descended from one of the vehicles, and approaching Cinderow, asked, with a business-like air, who and what he was to cause the stoppage, and, without waiting for a reply, continued: "Pray, sir, what is the meaning of this? By what right, sir, do you interfere with a public funeral? Consider, sir, how painful this must be to the mourners, sir!"

At this moment Cinderow's eye fell upon a brawny face protruding with a broad grin through one of the windows. "Grief with a vengeance," he exclaimed, as the head, whose hat did not boast even the appendage of scarf or crape, was drawn back; "I insist on seeing the inside of this hearse."

The undertaker interposed. "At your peril, sir." But Cinderow, pushing him aside, tried to open the door. "Locked, sir," said the imperturbable undertaker.

"Unlock it then, or I'll force it," replied the officer. "Eh! gatekeeper! bring me a hammer, a chisel, a coal hammer, anything, quick; I charge you in the Queen's name." The gatekeeper presently appeared with a heavy poker. "Now," said Cinderow, "we'll see;" and was about to force the door, when the undertaker again interposed, observing: "Well, sir, if you must see the inside, don't damage the hearse, sir, unless you make good repairs, but I prefer opening it;" upon which, drawing forth a key, he unlocked the door, and Cinderow, peering into the long recess, observed two bundles at the top, and forcing himself two-thirds of the way in, began to pull and haul at them. At this moment two of the men of mourning suddenly sprang forward, and, doubling up his legs, they thrust Cinderow into the hearse, and shut him up.

He heard the lock spring to before he could apply his foot to the panel, and found himself a prisoner in that narrow chamber of death. The toll having been instantly paid, the cavalcade proceeded on route at a rapid pace; kicking, struggling, and shouting were unavailing in pent up proximity to the rumble of the vehicles and the clatter of hoofs. Cinderow at length resigned himself to his uncertain fate, indulging in such mortifying reflections as his position and circumstances were naturally calculated to inspire. At length the hearse, accompanied by two or three men, diverged from the main road, and drew up opposite a solitary labourer's cottage. The door of this novel prison-house was opened, and its unresisting inmate, overpowered by numbers, was carried over the fence and into the cottage by the back door. His captors gagged him with the poker, tied him in a chair, and having planted him in the middle of the kitchen, politely wished him good-day, rejoined the coaches in the high road, and slowly returned home. There was no alternative for Mr. Cinderow but to bear his unexpected duration until the innocent occupants of the cottage should return from their labour, which, from the common practice of carrying their dinner with them, would probably not be until nightfall. But the most

galling reflection which suggested itself to Cinderow's mind was the true solution of the whole mystery. Whilst he was led astray by his own cupidity, and what he unjustly believed to be the treachery of Swiveleye, to waylay the mock funeral, the contraband goods had been borne off in undisturbed security by a cross-country road, and, in all probability, placed beyond his reach for ever.

RAPID CHANGE OF COSTUME.

Wakeful having his own reasons for surmising that all was not safe, had already secured one of the packages, and, emboldened by his uninterrupted success, had returned for the other with a hand cart—a vehicle as unlikely as any to excite suspicion. He had not only quitted Smith's premises with his load, but had turned the first corner with it, when he saw two men approaching, one of whom he knew in a moment to be an old familiar of Cinderow's, and in the other recognised Cinderow himself. They suddenly halted when they saw him; but, having arranged his plan of operations with the rapidity of thought, he pushed on towards them with impudent indifference, hoping to reach the narrow lane which, by sundry turns and angles, led through the back fields; his first intention being, as the loss of the tobacco seemed inevitable, to scale the high wall which fenced in the lane, and secure his retreat through the adjacent gardens. The two men evidently kept a steady eye upon his movements, but with the covert intention of pouncing upon him as he passed, affected to be conversing carelessly together. Wakeful having gained the desired point, suddenly turned the hand cart into the passage, and, twisting it round to throw a temporary obstacle in the way of any pursuers, took to his heels. The officers instantly gave chase, and arrived at the entrance in time to see the fugitive disappear behind the first angle in the walls; a moment sufficed to pull aside the cart and give them passage way, and on they ran. Wakeful felt himself in an awkward predicament, for as he proceeded the next turn in the very path he was on, or over the wall, whether they were beyond the next turn or leaped as a fugitive into the midst of them, his escape would have been impossible. But his ready tact never failed him. In less time than it has taken to state this dilemma and his passing thoughts, he had knocked in the crown of his hat, pulled his stock of hair over his forehead, taken off his coat and thrown it over his arm, tucked up his trousers to his knees, and, reversing his steps, reeled back with a staggering gait towards his pursuers. As they came breathlessly round the corner, they met the stupid, lubberly, drunken-looking rascal full in the face, with his tongue half out of his mouth, his blinking eyes peering vacantly at the top of the wall, and, to all appearance, regardless of their approach, muttering inarticulately to himself: "Never see sich a thing (hiccup), niver (hic) in my life!"

"Hallo, old fellow," said Cinderow; "have you seen a man running this way?"

With a stolid look Wakeful replied: "Never see sich a bloo' fool in a' my life!"

"Confound you," retorted the officer, "has anybody run this way?"

"Ov'r there (hic), ov'r there," pointing helplessly at the top of the wall; "niver see sich a jump (hic) in a' my life!"

The officers conferred a moment, whilst the rubicund Watterson wiped the perspiration from his bald pate, and then helped each other on to the wall, whilst Wakeful staggered and fell upon his face, muttering to himself, whereat the officers laughed; and before he had time to rise they had both disappeared on the other side of the wall, a drop-leap of some nine or ten feet, and were off across the gardens, in full cry after some poor fellow whom they had desecrated in the distance, clambering over a gate into the bridge road beyond.

We should certainly recommend the Customs' solicitor, if he have half the shrewdness of his representative in this volume, to purchase a large number of copies of this book for broad dissemination through sea-coast towns and villages. They might, perhaps, tend to teach or remind persons smuggleriously inclined of certain tricks and dodges; but they would certainly have the effect of diffusing a general impression that smuggling is a very dangerous and in the end a very profitless occupation.

The illustrations to the volume, which, as we are informed, have been drawn and etched by the author, need not be criticised. They are bad enough to be amusing.

A MYSTIC NOVEL.

The Friendly Disputants, or Future Punishment Re-considered. By AURA, Author of "Ashburn." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

IN READING the pseudonym of the authoress, we could not help wishing for the *mobilis aura* of the classic poet to come to our aid, and dispel the dense metaphysical fog which makes hazy every page in this volume. We find ourselves all at once in a vast Serbonian bog of hard names; and, as if the conventional jargon invented by cloudy metaphysicians was not enough to satisfy any moderate appetite for the mystical, we are introduced to a host of—what we suppose are—fresh compounds bearing the names of pantism, redivivalism, anthropic, epantropic, &c. &c. We are duly informed, however, that pantism is derived from the Greek word *πᾶς*, and redivivalism from the Latin *redivivus*, &c.; and we can scarcely help regretting that such reputable parents should have given birth to such monstrosities of children. After uselessly perplexing ourselves over the theory of non-infinity, we felt not less infinite relief when we caught a glimpse in these pages of a lovely widow, Lady Emily Trevors, and a most romantic burglar. The former, as we are told, "had the most beautiful countenance I ever set eyes on; she was a widow, but was still in the prime of lovely womanhood; I thought about twenty-six." The latter is described as "a noble prisoner," who "was not handsome in feature, but there was a fine and mysterious blending of sorrow and genius which arrested the eye on his countenance, while his fine moustache and splendid beard, his erect form and majestic carriage, proclaimed him truly the man." We were delighted to find that the pair were duly awestruck with each other, and that the lovely Lady Emily at once perceived that the burglar "was of Nature's aristocracy." The doors of the prison are, of course, as they ought to be, always open to one so beautiful and intellectual as the Lady Emily Trevors; and in due time she makes a convert of the felonious aristocrat of nature—not to love, alas! but—to universalism. All we hear of him henceforth is that, after leaving prison, "he has carried out his plan of quietly proclaiming universalism with untiring zeal and decided success." And so ended the lively romance we had seen in our mind's eye, in which the universalist widow and the model burglar were to be the centre-pieces. Yet a new disappointment awaited us. We are next introduced to a charming young lady, who is suspected of having, "for reasons best known to herself, refused several sufficiently eligible offers of marriage." Taught by experience, we were more cautious this time. Like most romantic per-

sons, we have always seething in our brains a ready-made plot for any character or characters we like in print. Before the Trevors episode, we probably should have assigned as a lover to Miss Milwood a fiery, chivalrous Adonis in India, who would have returned ex-Governor-General of India, or at least Commander-in-Chief, to woo and win the faithful maiden whom he had left weeping on Britannia's shores years before; or, perhaps, we should have preferred making our heroine a kind of Protestant nun, with a tender smile on her angelic countenance for the whole of suffering humanity, and to whom no individual male biped in his senses would have dared to pay his unhal- lowed addresses. Yet though we did not image out either of these destinies for the mysteriously behaved damsel of this volume, we were utterly unprepared to find that another lady was sighing to "have this finemind devoted to the advocacy of omnism;" and that the cause of Miss Milwood's distaste to matrimony was, that it was a difficult, though "blessed thing to be a whole being to any one." She consoles her- self, however, with the reflection that there remains to her "the beloved world of the unknown. No unkindness, no misapprehension from them, nothing but perfect sympathy and perfect repose." We are introduced to other ladies not less profound, who are thoroughly up in "the doctrine of substitution," and "the correctionist and destruc- tionist theories," who discourse—just as glibly as we might do on our A. B. C.—about moral triplicities, the concealment of redivialism, the theory of non-infinity, &c. We take our leave of this specimen of verbiage gone mad with the earnest hope that the volume before us will not fall into the hands of that exigent civil service examiner, who expects the hapless wights whose knowledge he sifts, to be able to write correctly from dictation any passage from any modern English book. If the examiner in question lay hands on this book, and be true to his colours, many a youthful Briton—who longs to serve her gracious Majesty in the capacity of tide-waiter, searcher, or gauger—will, it may be, have to content himself in a less ambitious sphere of life. Nay, this volume may haply bring terror and dismay to some would- be clerk of the Treasury or the War Office. Useless will be all the knowledge of the many mystic unions between syllables which by the skill of the artful crammer may have now become familiar as house- hold words to the well-primed candidate: he may be able to spell colonel without "k," and lieutenant without "f;" but will his vocabu- lary be proof against such sesquipedal abortions as "epanthropic," "enflesment," "dubretics," "Noabic," "selfety," "currentaioms," and the like? We doubt it; and for the future peace of mind of liege subjects wishing to serve their Queen, we pray again that this book— into the hands of whatever other persons it may chance to fall—may remain unknown to the afore-mentioned much-requiring examiner.

The Pentateuch its own Witness, or the Internal Evidence of the Antiquity and Inspiration of the Pentateuch. An Essay which obtained the Norri- sian Prize for the year 1858. By the Rev. WILLIAM AYERST, M.A. (Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.)—It is a condition of the Norrisian Essays that "no doctrine must be advanced in them contrary to the Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies of the Church of England." Consequently it is almost unnecessary to state that the present thesis is altogether on the side of orthodoxy. Mr. Ayerst has done all that it was possible for him to effect within the prescribed limits towards maintaining the antiquity and inspiration of the first five books of the Scripture. His principal opponents are De Wette and Ewald, the former of whom asserts that "the Pentateuch is full of wonderful occurrences, which, to reflecting reason, are incomprehensible; it is, therefore, post-Mosaic, because wonder- stories are of poetic ideal, which is of later production than genuine mythus." Such is the reasoning of De Wette. But Ewald distances him. "The Pentateuch," says this writer, "contains prophecies which show a knowledge of things post-Mosaic in time; but such a knowledge of a distant future is not comprehensible; therefore these prophecies are either vaticinia post eventum, or at least within a period of approximate nearness. Assuming this to be the true principle to proceed upon, the dates of different portions of the Pentateuch are determined thus. Be- cause in what is called the Elohist document it was prophesied that kings should issue from them, the Elohist could not have written before the time of the kings. Because Balaam prophesied the subjugation of Amalek, Edom, and Moab, therefore the Jehovist did not write before Saul's victory over the Amalekites, and David's over Edom and Moab. Because in Leviticus the dispersion of the heathen is threatened, this paragraph belongs to a very modern period." To such reasoning as this Mr. Ayerst opposes the fact that numerous passages occurring in the Pen- tateuch are quoted by later writers in such a way as to make it clear that the Pentateuch "as a whole, was alive in the minds of the Israelites" at the time. These passages, however, all occur in the prophetic writ- ings, many of which, we must remind Mr. Ayerst, have been themselves impugned, whether rightly or wrongly, on the score of antiquity, so that this part of his argument is not quite so strong as it should be. His best argument is, we think, that in which he seeks to establish the anti- quity of the Pentateuch "from the gradual development of the law dis- cernible in the narrative." We shall only further add, that in discussing the inspiration of the Pentateuch our author makes the following impor- tant admission: "On the whole, however, it may be admitted that Moses availed himself of tradition, or of written documents, in the composition of his work." It will be interesting to some readers to know that the division of these documents into two classes, namely, the Elohist and the Jehovistic, now so generally adopted by the German commentators, was first made by a Belgian physician, named Astruc.

The Healing Art the Right Hand of the Church, or Practical Medicine an Essential Element in the Christian System. By THERAPEUTES. (Edin- burgh: Sutherland and Knox.)—We are no friends to anomalies, and therefore cannot give our support to the proposal of Therapeutes for as-

sociating the functions of a D.D. with those of an M.D. First of all, be- cause we see no necessity for it; and, secondly, because both professions are so over-crowded that nothing but mischief could possibly arise from such an arrangement. The study of theology, and the practice of their clerical duties, is certainly quite enough for our divines, without calling upon them in addition to set a broken leg or assist any of their fair hearers when taken in the pains of labour. In a civilised country, and especially in large towns, where in almost every street there is a red lamp indicating the residence of a regular medical man, we do not see the propriety of calling upon the Rev. Mr. Honeyman to stop in the com- position of his next Sunday's sermon, and hurry off to administer his *advice gratis* in a case of diarrhoea or colic occurring in the next street, to the disturbance of his own flow of ideas, and the loss of a fee to neighbour Jones, M.R.C.S. It is not thus that we have read Adam Smith's famous chapter on the division of labour. The only point, indeed, in which we can agree with Therapeutes, is in his recommendation that missionaries to the heathen should learn so much of the healing art as would enable them to administer to the bodily as well as the spiritual ailments of those among whom they are called to labour. Dr. Livingstone and others that might be mentioned are bright examples of the good that is to be effected in this way.

An Essay on the Physical Constitution of the Celestial Bodies and the Extra- ordinary Coincidence of Scripture with the most recent Discoveries in Science. By JOHN WIDDUP, A.B. (Saunders and Otley.)—We are not aware, and, indeed, the author does not profess, that this essay adds anything to the stock of human knowledge. It is, however, a fair summing up of the present state of astronomical knowledge, accurate enough in the main, except, perhaps, where the author assigns the greatest share of the merit of discovering Neptune to Le Verrier. The later sections of the essay are devoted to an ingenious attempt to reconcile the Mosaic account of the creation with modern cosmical theories.

The Gospel of St. John, arranged in parts and sections. (Longman.)—This little book may probably be useful to very youthful Biblical students. It certainly cannot have cost the editor very much labour. A few mar- ginal dates and references, some slight changes in the punctuation, and commonplace headings to the different chapters, are, if we except the preface, the sole products of his editorial toil. It seems to us rather a work of supererogation to "reserve the right of translating" this volume.

Johann Müller, an Eloge pronounced in the Hall of the University of Berlin. By Professor RUDOLPH VIMCHOW. (Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.)—An interesting sketch of the life, labours, and writings of the great German physiologist and natural historian, Johann Müller, the son of a poor shoemaker of Coblenz. People who talk of "self-made men," not remembering that nearly all the world's great men are self-made, can now add another name to the illustrious roll.

The Cavaliers of Fortune, or British Heroes in Foreign Wars. By JAMES GRANT. (Routledge.)—In this volume Mr. Grant has put forth a series of biographical sketches of British soldiers who have distin- guished themselves in foreign wars. They are, he says, "the result of historical reading for my military romances." The stories of some of these "free lances" are exceedingly curious and interesting, as, for ex- ample, those of Arthur, Count de Lally, General of the Troops of Louis XV. in India; Colonel Cameron, of the Gordon Highlanders; Admiral Greig, the "father of the Russian Navy;" Ulysses Count Brown, Marshal of the Armies of Maria Theresa; Marshal Lacy, the conqueror of the Crimea; Count O'Reilly, Marshal Macdonald, and Thomas Dalryell, General of the Scottish Army and first Colonel of the Scots Grey Dragoons.

Mr. Wyld supplies the recently awakened interest in Japan with a large and useful engraved map of that island of wonders, including Jesso and Kiussiu and the smaller satellite isles. The names of all places are very clearly set down, including the ports which are to be thrown open to British trade on the 1st of July next.

We have also received *Fragments of Ante-Historic Times. (Effingham Wilson.)*—An excerpt from "a large work," and designed to show that the Arians and the Scythians, the Hyksos and the Turks, were identical. Though bearing a publisher's name, the pamphlet is said to be "not pub- lished."—*The Post Magazine Almanac and Insurance Directory (Pateman)*, which, though two thirds of its contents are mere advertise- ments and other details of insurance companies, really contains in its remaining third a large amount of valuable information.—*A Discourse on the Study of Science in its Relations to Individuals and to Society. By Henry Hennessy. (Dublin: Kelly.)*—A second edition.—*A Key to Part Second of Hiley's Practical English Composition. By the Author. (Longman and Co.)*—Conscious that boys will resort to what they know as a "crib," if a "crib" is to be had, Mr. Hiley determined, he tells us, to frame a set of exercises "which could only be worked out by thought and reflection;" and to these exercises the present work is a key for the use of the schoolmaster. Is not this a kind of "bull?" What can be bought by a schoolmaster can surely be surreptitiously purchased by a boy.—*Forms of Prayer: a Sermon Preached at the Consecration of St. Mary's Church, Bewick-upon-Tweed. By the Lord Bishop of Durham. (Edinburgh: R. Grant and Son.)*—*The British Controversialist. No. I. New Series. (Houlston and Wright.)*—The questions, "Ought the Annexation policy pursued in India to be adopted towards China?" and "Can Government interfere beneficially in the Suppression of the Social Evil?" are ably argued in "affirmative" and "negative" articles; the "negative" in each case being, we think, by far the strongest.—*The Syllabic Primer and Reading-book. By S. M. Thelwall. (Wertheim.)*—*The Derivative Spelling-book. By J. Rowbotham. Improved edition. (Hall, Virtue, and Co.)*—*Moore's Irish Melodies for the Pianoforte. No. III. (Long- man.)*—*A Statement of the Case of the Surveyors of Taxes, for Private Circulation.*—*The Handbook of Reform. (Adams.)*—A useful manual, containing all the principal facts upon which the advocates of Reform base, or should base, their reasoning. The writer has, however, intro- duced dissertations upon what he considers some new principles of morals, which are vague and unsatisfactory, and calculated only to confuse the reader.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP; but to have it this depth is something. It is only those plain people, who are conscious of their plainness, and who have resolved to be plain, that make use of this aphorism. Why have freckles, why wrinkles, why a skin of parchment, why grey hairs, or teeth "sitting zig-zag like the teeth of a saw?" There is art enough in the world to meet all these shortcomings. What rougher, plainer, more unpromising than the shell of a muscle? Yet this shell, scrape it, oil and rotten-stone it, and in the fancy-bazaar it fetches a price. And so, rough shells like you and I, plain reader, furrowed as we may be, are susceptible of polish if we have only courage enough to submit to the process. We require a little scraping, a little anointing. Verily we can make a white hair black, and can add to our stature, if we will only consent to place ourselves under proper guidance. And, ye gentle dames, it is a subject well worth your consideration on social grounds. Where plainness begins exclusiveness begins, and often you are shut out from the marriage, and other feasts, like the foolish virgins, because ye have no oil to your lamps. The lamp here is the countenance, the outward form, the casement and embroidery of the soul. The hair, the brow and the eyebrow, the cheek and chin, the neck, the hand, the finger and the finger-nail, submitted to the manipulation of the adept, may be made to assume a tint, a dye, a freshness and juvenility which cannot be but pleasing. Assume a beauty if you have it not; and wherein is the harm? All hypocrisy is pleasant, so long as we know it is the desire to please others. It is on this principle that we hide a sore or a scar, or other bodily blemish. It is on this principle that precipitate young men conceal the discoloured eye with pigments. Fie upon hypocrisy! cries every one, as if there were not sham eyes, sham teeth, sham shoulders, sham legs, sham everything. A perfumer's puff has given the impetus to these observations. It is a puff, however, got up with circumstance, and is embodied in a small book, published this morning, and which is well worth reading as an historical treatise on perfumes and the secrets of the toilette. According to the stereotype of book announcements, "No lady should be without it,"—or gentlemen either, for the matter of that. "Les Parfums, par M. Petit," disclaims any pretence to erudition, and yet, in small compass, it contains much erudition of a curious kind. Perfumes, cosmetics, and beauty are the subjects of the introductory chapter, skilfully handled. It reconciles one to rouge, pearl-powder, and pomades. The aim and end of cosmetics is the maintenance, the preservation, and re-establishment of beauty; and this is the proposition which the writer undertakes to prove. And thus he speaks to us of the virtues of the rose, the jasmine, the violet; of amber, and the resins, of quinquina, and a variety of other things that enter into the *materia medica* of the toilette. Thus he refreshes us with aromatic baths of flowers and balsams, and indicates baths too costly for most plain people to avail themselves of. He reminds us that Poppæa, to preserve her charms, took every day a bath of asses' milk; and that milk baths were greatly in vogue with the ladies of ancient Rome. Diana of Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos used such baths. Madame Tallien, the voluptuous Greek of the Directory, had contracted in her tender infancy, the habit of taking baths of strawberries and raspberries. She remained in the bath an hour, and when her skin was well impregnated with the perfume and freshness of these fruits, she had herself gently rubbed with fine linen, and a sponge dipped in milk. This bath, says our perfumer, gives the skin a delightful softness, the tender colour of the rose, and leaves a delicious perfume. But we must not take all the sweets out of our ingenious perfumer's book. Those who desire to know about balsams, essences, creams, dentifrices, dyes, and the like, must apply to the book itself, which, for the information of those who desire knowledge with economy, costs only one franc.

T.-T. de St. Germain—who determines to preserve his incognito, seemingly—the author of the "Legend of a Pin" ("Seek, and ye shall find"), which we noticed on its first appearance; of "The Art of being Happy" ("Et noluit consolari"); of "Mignon" (We have seen the egoism which kills, behold the love which saves!) of "Lady Clare" (King in the love of truth and right), has published another little book, "La feuille de Coudrier," simple, pure, and engaging as his others—such a book as a young lady may be found reading without the crimson mounting to her cheek. There are books, even in this not over-fastidious latitude, which the young lady thrusts into the work-table or under the pillow of the couch when a visitor is announced. We guess, to use a vernacular, "that they are about no good."

In the Library of Spanish Authors, published in Madrid, appears (in the Spanish) the works of Don Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos. No more than justice has been done by this publication to the memory of an upright magistrate, a distinguished counsellor, and a clever man of letters. The name of Jovellanos is always pronounced with respect by his countrymen. They regard him as one of the regenerators of Spanish literature. "In all the circumstances of his life, in the midst of crises which traversed his country, grave and terrible crises, Jovellanos displayed the most brilliant qualities, the most heroic virtue, the most remarkable talent." These are the words of an impartial

modern writer. Don Leander Fernandez de Moratin, a celebrated author, calls Don Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos, one of the most distinguished Spaniards who illustrated the reigns of Charles III. and Charles IV., and it is pleasing to see in him the man of letters, the economist, the distinguished poet, the eloquent orator, a man the most amiable and tolerant. His ideas and his conduct were in discord with the corruptage in which he lived. "Yet," says Moratin, "after having been outraged, proscribed, obliged to flee in spite of his old age and infirmities, and to extract himself at the same time from the fury of his enemies as well as the injustice of his countrymen, the noble author of the 'Agrarian Law' could scarcely find an asylum to render the last sigh." Quintana, in his introduction to the "Spanish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century," makes him a high eulogium, which has the more weight as their philosophic tendencies were different. The present edition contains a history of the life and works of Jovellanos, or Jovino, as his friend Mecendez used to call him. This portion of the work, as well as a commentary, is by Senor Necedal. Not limiting himself to the youth and studies of Jovellanos, he enters upon his administrative career, shows us the kind of education which was given at the time Jovellanos came into the world, and on the whole extends our knowledge of the state of literature in Spain in the seventeenth century, and the nature of her institutions.

In November last, a new magazine appeared here, *Le Magasin de Librairie*, published by Charpentier, at the moderate price of a franc a number—moderate considering the quantity and quality of the matter given. In the number published this morning (the *Magasin* appears twice a month), there is an exceedingly interesting letter, written by the late Alfred de Musset to a Mme. * * *, which is here entitled, "Un Souper chez Mlle. Rachel." The poet met the actress on her return from the theatre one night, where she had acted in "Tancrede." She invited him to supper. In the form of dialogue he sketches a lively interior of the home of the Jewish *artiste*, as it was constituted in 1839. Rachel cook, Rachel punch-maker, Rachel washerwoman in the small way, Rachel tippler of absinthe, Rachel just to the merits of the decried absent, Rachel the idolizer of Racine, is pencilled with a rapidity and accuracy in a few pages truly marvellous. Rachel cooked the three stakes, the *bouillon* and the spinage, and set the supper on the table, but there were neither plates nor spoons. The mother suggested that there was a tin service in the kitchen. Rachel, who had been helping herself to a salad with a wooden fork, rose and brought it. And now a snatch merely, from De Musset:

Mother.—My dear, your *biftecs* are over-done.

Rachel.—It is true; they are hard as wood. At the time when I had the management I was better cook than that. It is a talent the less. What would you? I have lost on one hand, I have gained on the other. You don't eat, Sarah.

Sarah.—No; I can't eat with tin fork and spoon.

Rachel.—Oh! 'tis since I bought a dozen forks and spoons with my savings that you can no longer touch tin. If I become rich you will soon require a servant behind your chair and another before. (Showing her fork.) I shall never drive these forks from our house; they have served us for too long a time. (To me.) Fancy, that when I was at the Théâtre Molière, I had only two pairs of stockings, so that every morning—

(Here Sarah began to gibber something in German, to cause her sister to desist.)

Rachel (continuing).—No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of. I had only two pairs of stockings then; and to play in the evening I was obliged to wash a pair every morning. I hung them in my room, across a string, while I wore the other.

Musset.—And you did the housekeeping?

Rachel.—I rose at six o'clock every morning, and at eight all the beds were made. I then went to market to purchase the dinner.

Musset.—And did you ever dance the handle of the basket?

Rachel.—No; I was too honest a cook. Not so mother.

Mother (still eating).—Oh! that is true.

Rachel.—Once only I was thiefish for a whole month. When I bought for four sous I counted five, and when I paid ten sous I counted twelve. At the end of a month I found myself at the head of the sum of three francs.

Musset (severely).—And what did you with those three francs, Mademoiselle?

Mother (seeing that Rachel was silent).—Monsieur, she bought the works of Molière with them.

The return of the father from the Opera, who addressed some brutal words to his talented daughter, put an end to a pleasant evening. "It is revolting!" exclaimed Rachel, large tears rolling down from her eyes. "J'acheterai un briquet, et je lirai seule dans mon lit."

In his work which has recently appeared—"De la Dignité Humaine"—M. Emile de Latheulade, former Mayor of Foix, passes under review several important questions. He occupies himself with the faculties of man, the knotty question of free will, the idea of God—with philosophy, free countries, and great men—with celebrated women and eloquence—with all that constitutes the grandeur of the creature. There are three chapters devoted to the speeches, or extracts from the speeches, of the great orators, English and French, during the Revolution and the Restoration. It is thus that Chatham, Burke, Fox, Grattan, Canning, Mirabeau, Barnave, Cazalès, Vergniaud, Lainé, De Serre, Manuel, Foy, Royer-Collard, and other parliamentary illustrations, are placed under the notice of the reader. The work terminates by bringing under review all the remarkable personages who have made a figure during the last sixty years, and contains abundance of good advice to the children of the present generation.

* Hardly translatable. *Faire dîner l'âne du panier* is said of a cook who swells her account of expenditure and keeps the balance to herself.

—A second edition of the "Mauvais ménages" of Louis Jordan attests the esteem in which the work is held.

In a recent number we gave account of the experiments of M. Pouchet, of Rouen, towards the solution of the vexed physiological question of spontaneous generation. We hinted at the time, that the small "wisp of hay," introduced into the flask of artificial air might give rise to objections, and so it has turned out. The Academy of Sciences, usually so *douce* and undemonstrative, has been excited into a tempest at the discovery of the philosopher. We shall just remind the reader of the experiment. Into a flask purged of atmospheric air, M. Pouchet introduced boiling water, and when it had cooled down, a small packet of hay weighing ten grammes (a little over a quarter of an ounce), and a pint of pure oxygen. The effect of the gas would have been to acidulate the water, and to deprive it still more of the power of sustaining organic life. The hay had been previously dried at the temperature of boiling water. Well, at the end of eight days, in this flask, hermetically sealed, behold there appeared white globules about the size of the seeds of a currant-berry, which were recognised as agglomerated microscopic vegetables; a new plant was born, to which the phytologist, Montagne, gave the name of *Aspergillus Pouchetii*. Pouchet, in short, had the good fortune to obtain, by his experiments, a vegetable never seen before; and, of course, the gossips came in at its birth. In another experiment Pouchet replaced the oxygen by artificial air formed of azote and nitrogen recently prepared. Eight days elapsed, and in the liquid floated little islets of green matter, formed by heaps of *penicillium glaucum*; on the tenth day were seen *aspergilli*; on the eighteenth the islets began to fructify; and, on the twenty-fourth, the philosopher, armed with his microscope of five hundred power, discovered a whole animated world. There swam the proteus and other infusoria with hard Latin names, as lively as might be. The naturalist seeing this little world around him might have exclaimed to himself triumphantly—*Adsum qui feci*. But the triumph, if it is one, he was not destined to enjoy quietly. The Academy, and least numerous voices in the Academy, have uttered the Turkish *bosh* with vehemence. M. Milne Edwards objects, the hay contained perhaps germs of infusoria. Was it really dried at the boiling point? Besides, this temperature is insufficient to kill the germs of certain animalculæ. The blight of corn has resisted 212, 230, and even 284 degrees; burned but not consumed, they have revived as M. Doyère has shown fifteen years ago. Next comes on M. Payen. That which is true of the eggs of infusoria is equally true of the grains of cryptogames, and he cites in his support his experiments upon oidium. From these experiments it results that the spores of the parasitical champignon preserve their germinative property after having been exposed to a temperature of 212 and 240 degrees, and only lose it at 284 degrees. On rushes a third opponent, M. Dumas—not the *mousquetaire*. I am sure, he says, that organised matters, heated to 240 and 266 degrees, in water and artificial air, shut up in tubes exposed to a red heat, develop neither plants nor animals; and, on the contrary, after opening these tubes and permitting the air to enter, organisms have manifested themselves. MM. Claude Bernard and Quatrefages have equally opposed their experiments to those of M. Pouchet and his conclusions, and deny his animalculæ the right of birth. Here the question rests for the present; but the tempest in the teapot will gather again.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Antiquities and Art.

Rome, January 17.

THE MOST IMPORTANT WORKS now in progress near Rome are those on the Latin Way and at Ostia, which site of the imperial seaport continues to yield monuments and fragments of great interest in the way of architecture, inscriptions, and mutilated sculptures; the direction of the Ostian works has lately been confided to Fortunati, the gentleman who had the merit of discovering and carrying out, at his own cost, the task of excavating the monuments on the Latin Way. Visconti has published various reports on the disinterred Ostian antiquities, but the fullest account yet supplied on the subject has appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, in whose pages the Jesuit Fathers from time to time give us able archaeological articles, whatever else may be said of the tendencies of their bi-monthly periodical. Again are workmen engaged also on the Appian Way, for restoring to a certain extent those monuments the total or partial discovery of which excited so much attention a few years ago. Where sculptured fragments of value have been found in the vicinity of the several mausolea, it is intended to replace them on the face of the structures now standing, more or less ruined. Various fragments of sculpture, heads and busts, have been yielded by some recent excavations on the height of the Caelian occupied by the solitary old church of St. Balbina. The works commenced last winter, and still being prosecuted, under the interesting Basilica of St. Clementi, belonging to the Irish Dominicans, have resulted in the discovery determined beyond doubt of the original church, mentioned by writers of the fifth century, and therefore the oldest Christian temple still existing (at least to the extent hitherto brought to light), as originally built in Rome. Columns of fine marble and several small fresco groups, the Martyrdom of St. Catherine among other subjects, have been uncovered in these sub-

terranean, the paintings of an archaic character, whose very barbarism is interesting, as indicative of antiquity. At a depth still lower, and reached not without difficulty, have been found remains of a date obviously much more removed, in the form of a wall regularly constructed in enormous blocks of volcanic stone, conjectured by some to be of the latter Republican period, but by others to pertain to the fortifications of Servius Tullius, in which case they would indeed be valuable to archaeological science as marking the direction of those walls along the slope of the Caelian, where the church of St. Clement stands, midway between the Colosseum and the Lateran. An enterprising individual, a collector and merchant in the picture line, has engaged several artists of repute here for a species of exhibition yet, I believe, without precedent, and which may one day be attracting multitudes in the principal capitals of Europe it is intended to visit. This will consist of illustrations, twenty-six altogether, of the principal scenes in Dante, executed in a species of tempera painting long disused, the figures larger than life, and the whole to be exhibited in succession group after group, like tableaux on the stage, by lamplight. The two already finished, from the "Inferno" and "Paradiso," the punishment of the Gluttonous and the vision of the glorified Madonna, by Guerra and Paliotti (both young artists of great ability), I have seen under the effect to be arranged, with strongly concentrated light in a darkened room, and was struck by the startling illusion, the boldness of conception in both pieces, treated indeed with great breadth and vigour, and powerfully conceived by the artist who has prepared designs for the earlier series, Professor Biglioli. It is intended that the passages in Dante thus illustrated should be declaimed during the display of each pictured subject, with versions in other tongues when the exhibition shall have commenced its migrations beyond the Alps.

In the studios of sculpture one of the last among new works is the "Finding of Moses," a colossal group by Mr. Spence, consisting of the Egyptian Princess, an attendant lady, and a female slave who kneels to present the infant. The grouping is admirably effective, the attitudes and draperies of the two principal females finely disposed, with the Egyptian peculiarities of costume just sufficiently preserved to suit the purposes of art and indicate the nationality, most beautiful in the calm countenance and majestic gracefulness of the Princess; and this work promises, when finished, to be a very interesting illustration of a subject yet new to sculpture. Mr. Gibson has begun a pleasing and lovely figure of a young girl kissing the Infant Cupid, who insidiously holds his arrow close to her heart. This, he told me, was suggested by a group seen in the street, a girl holding a baby precisely in this attitude; he went home, sketched the pretty scene, converted the Roman damsel into a Grecian nymph, and the baby into a god!

Mrs. Browning, whom I have had the pleasure of seeing, arrived here some weeks since, and is, I am glad to find, in as good health as she ever enjoys, but still with the appearance of great fragility, which adds wonder to admiration for the extraordinary energies of her genius. The English visitors now in Rome are numerous; and the arrival of a Prince of Wales in the Papal metropolis is, of course, anticipated with some interest, as an event almost without precedent. Many may be interested also in learning that, preparatory thereto, it had been desired to inquire at the Vatican whether the reception there to await his Royal Highness would be attended with all the honours due, and that the answer, from highest quarters, was the fullest affirmative.

The gaieties of our countrymen now here, are of an *éclat* utterly beyond my appreciation. This evening one of them, Lord Spencer (who, I understand, is on his bridal tour yet in the honeymoon), provides for the gratuitous enjoyment of Rome's citizens and visitors, the spectacle of a Bengal illumination at the Colosseum—a splendidly fantastic and wondrous exhibition of its kind, but far inferior to what nature herself provides, for idealising the vast ruin, every fine night when moons are at the full. In the late obituary of Rome must be noticed with honouring regrets the name of Don Giovanni Torlonia (nephew to the Prince), a young man cut off at the age of only twenty-eight, whose talents and mental culture had gained distinction for him, enhanced, a few years since, by the publication of a small volume of poems, in which thought and feeling were expressed with a grace rising above the average of modern Italian verse. Also, that of Carlo Villani, one of the most distinguished jurisconsults in Italy, and for thirty-four years professor of civil law at the Sapienza University here, where he also held the offices of Consistorial Advocate and Councillor of State. His funeral was an affecting spectacle, attended by a torch-bearing procession of almost all the students in the university who must regret, and cannot easily replace, such a loss.

FULTON'S FIRST MODEL OF A STEAMBOAT.—Under the heading of "A Curious Historical Fact," the *New York Star*, of Nov. 10, 1837, has the following: "The first rough model of a steamboat made by Fulton, in this city, was cut out of a common shingle, shaped like a mackerel, with the paddles placed further in front than behind, like the fins of a fish. The paddle-wheel had been first put in the rear, on the sculling principle, but was abandoned on consulting with Mr. (John) Greenwood, the well-known ingenious dentist of this city, now deceased, in whose possession the model remained for many years. Old Admiral Landars, whom many of our readers recollect as the enemy of Paul Jones, was also in frequent conversation with Greenwood at the time. He recommended the paddle-wheel to be placed in the stern, and to be moved by a tunnel-shaped sail which was to catch the wind even when it blew directly ahead, and thus communicate the power by reaction to the wheel."

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

WITH the exception of the Adelphi at the West end, and the Grecian at the Eastern end of the town, the playbills have remained unaltered, and pantomime is still attractive; so long does it take for the monster metropolitan public to satiate themselves with Christmas fare.

The novelty at the Adelphi is an original drama, in two acts, entitled "The Borgia Ring: a Legend of Stonehenge." What connection there is between the trinket relic of the Borgias and the mystic ring of the Druids at Stonehenge at first puzzles the reader of the playbill; but the mystery is cleared up in the following manner. Mr. Piers Wenlock, a Wiltshire young gentleman, having exhausted his means by excesses, joins the Jacobite army, and suffers with those stricken down at Culloden. We first find him concealed in his late uncle's house, assuming the name of *Lydford* as a disguise. Here, however, the penetrating eyes of a creditor, a Jewish usurer, discover him, and he is threatened with instant arrest. The spendthrift parries this threat by recounting that, although he has just been disinherited by his uncle, he has laid a scheme for getting hold of the will and destroying it, when he must succeed as heir-at-law to the entire property. This scheme the money-lender assents to, as most dramatists seem to consider this class of traders capable of any crime. *Wenlock's* plot is to induce a certain low-born lass, *Mabel Daventry*, to help him to the will, as she alone knows where it is. He counts on her doing so, as the will provides that the appointed heir, a young Royalist officer, *Raby Langley*, is to inherit the property on the express condition that he does not marry *Mabel*. Being the heroine, she very scornfully refuses the ten thousand pounds offered to her; and determines to hand to her lover *Raby* the document, and at the same time release him from his vows. For this purpose she carries it about in her bosom, and is even induced by a feigned tale to visit Stonehenge at midnight on a bleak Christmas night. Here she finds *Wenlock* digging her grave, and he threatens to bury her alive if she does not inform him where he can find the document. She demands the ratification of his promise, by a hand-shaking, not to injure her if she reveals; and she grasps his hand, when he falls down apparently dead; and so ends the first act, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm. This abrupt termination is brought about by the Borgia Ring, which *Mabel* had discovered concealed with the will, and which has a spring that on pressure throws out a venomous point that is fatal. The second act opens with a grand ball at a Sir Arthur Harding's, whose daughter, termed "the proud beauty of Salisbury," is anxious to captivate the new heir to the Wenlock property, but who retracts when it is rumoured that the will cannot be found. *Raby* considers that *Mabel* has abandoned him for Wenlock, but the old Jew usurer, being found in a dying state, reveals the condition of *Mabel*; and, in consequence, he and his friends set off in pursuit, and arrive at Stonehenge just in time to save *Mabel*, *Wenlock* having recovered from his trance. Thus baffled, the resolute villain fires his pistol, but misses *Mabel*. The poison is now fast doing its work; but, bent on revenge, he asks for *Raby's* hand as a pledge of forgiveness; but *Mabel* prevents this, and *Wenlock* dies in the unrepentant style of most thorough stage villains. The lovers are made matrimonially happy and legally wealthy, as the Jacobite estates being forfeited they are bestowed on the successful Hanoverian hero. Such is the grave portion of this story, but there is a comic underplot, or rather interlarded series of riotous scenes, in which Mr. Toole as a rat-catcher, and Mr. Moreland as a Yorkshire serving lad, play such outrageous pranks, that the house cry hold; and expressed on the first night their disapprobation in an unmistakable manner. The truth is the author has no idea of genuine comedy, and having resorted to the exhausted contrivance of introducing a low man dressed up as an old dowager at the grand ball, the mirth ran into boisterous folly. The serious portion is inflated in language and not very ingenious in contrivance, but might have

passed muster had it not been unaided by the violence of the comedy portion. Mr. Slous, the author of this and other dramas, including a five-act play called the "Templars," was strongly supported by his friends, and so far the piece was successful. Mr. Webster as the villain, Mrs. Mellon as the heroine, and Mr. Billington as the hero, did all their experience could suggest, but nothing can give it a lengthened existence.

Whoever wishes to read an entirely new chapter in the History of England, should take an evening walk to the Royal Grecian Theatre, in the City-road, and there they would learn that *Henry VIII.* married a lowly lass named *Catherine Howard*, under very extraordinary circumstances. It appears the King had cast his royal sheep's eye upon her, but that a certain Duke *Ethelwald* (unknown to *Nicolas's* Historical Peerage) had likewise a quick eye for beauty, and had married her. In order to keep her he gives her a narcotic draught and buries her; and when she revives, takes her away to a secret bower of bliss. The King determines to marry the Duke to his sister the Princess *Margaret*, and the wedding being solemnised, he resorts to his old trick of a narcotic potion, and is laid in the tomb of his ancestors, in the expectation that his real wife, *Catherine*, will come and relieve him. The lady, however, is by no means truthful, and neglects him, and marries the King. The Duke is restored by the Princess, and, seeking his wife to upbraid her, he is caught in the supposed queen's chamber. The jealous *Henry* has *Catherine* tried, and of course condemned, and here the play might end, but there must be a towering climax for such dramas. *Catherine* bribes the Headsman to flee, hoping to gain time; but the sheriff offering a reward for another executioner, the Duke, disguised himself, undertakes the office, and cuts off the traitress's head, and then stabs himself. Such is history as chronicled in the City-road; and we only hope that the rising young Marlboroughs do not, like the old general, depend on the playhouse for the history of their country. It is evidently a drama of Parisian manufacture, though adapted by Mr. G. Conquest to this theatre. The reception was not of that enthusiastic kind to make such confused trash necessary, and it is to be regretted that the excellent example set by Sadler's Wells has not extended to the district.

ART AND ARTISTS.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

TWO years that have elapsed since Parliament sanctioned the proposal of Earl Stanhope to form a national collection of portraits of British worthies, have not sufficed to release the nucleus of the series from a state of bachelorhood by alliance with a noble building worthy of the object in view. The commission and its pictures are still in lodgings, elbowed by engineers and private bill promoters. The "temporary apartments" at 29, Great George-street, Westminster, devoted to the exhibition of nearly sixty portraits, include a staircase, a first-floor front, and two other "chair-lumbered closets." Yet it has been correctly said, from the first mention of the scheme, that a large grant for purchases was not required, since its increase must depend on gifts of portraits in private hands; and, therefore, a proper building for their reception was the first essential. But the commission, after possessing most of the portraits for the last twelve months, have, it would seem, no reason to expect the possession of a fit gallery, and in despair open the collection to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays only, in an unsuitable locality and the small rooms of an ordinary dwelling-house. Yet the minister who pledged himself to provide for our public galleries is a member of this commission, and must have sanctioned a step which, whilst it increases the public disgust at the delay and miserable inconvenience apportioned by the Government to all our public collections, does not economise one halfpenny in the necessary expenses of management, attendants, and police. Donations of pictures must be repelled rather than encouraged, from institutions so much in want of a few hundred feet of wall-space.

Arrangement of this limited collection in three rooms is out of the question; yet had a gallery been built, and the portraits in the British Museum and elsewhere added to these, a collection, which would have required some attention in hanging to sequence

of dates, might have been made—to the credit of the minister and the trustees, and the delight of the Englishman, one of whose first fixed beliefs is that his little island has produced more great men and worthier celebrities than all the "unblest" nations of the earth. However, an unsystematic catalogue of unacknowledged authorship, graciously sold at the gallery at the unnecessarily great price of one shilling, assists the visitor to discover the pictures he can see, by the correspondence of the numbers. No. 1. The courtly Raleigh, may satisfy as a likeness, but is not agreeable. 2. Is the smallest miniature in the collection, of Stuart, the author of the first English work on the buildings of Athens; it is of excellent quality, and represents a full-faced florid man with the powdered hair and pigtail of the last century. 3. J. Opie, artist, friend of Reynolds, and professor of painting in the Royal Academy, by himself; a plain face, a good likeness no doubt, but not remarkable as a portrait. 4. Is a unique early portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by himself, when quite a young artist. He has before him his easel; palette in hand, he shades his eyes with the other whilst looking intently at the spectator. Strong in light and shadow, and of deep brown tone, it is compared to his after works without colour, but most effective and pleasing as a vivid portrait and picture. 5. A bright, crisp, and fresh little portrait, full face, of Sir D. Wilkie, by himself; the most truly natural memorandum of a face in the collection, and invaluable as a memento of the painter of the "Blind Fiddler." An Elizabethan statesman, and a master of Harrow school, bring us to Sir W. Chambers, a stout man, not impressive, but painted by Sir Joshua with breadth and cool tone. 9. The first Marquis of Winchester, time of Henry VIII., and a minister of the Crown in four reigns—a fortune he ascribed to his subserviency—not a proper or usual quality in a British worth. 10. Is a good portrait of Handel, latterly well known, by Hudson, the fashionable painter previous to his pupil Reynolds. 11. Captain Cook, of interest as a likeness. 12. A posthumous portrait of Perceval, the Prime Minister, from a mask by Nollekens; but unreal. 13. The remarkable face of Horne Tooke, by Hardy. 14. A heavy, placid countenance, that of Thomson, the ease-loving poet of the "Seasons." 15. Madam Nell Gwynn, by Lely, in satin and lace, and a fine air of enjoyment of her theatrical position, her face a circle of smiles, landscape of rocks around, and a fine bit of Lely's work. 16. Dr. Mead, by A. Ramsey, not a noticeable portrait. 17. A powerful bold portrait of Nollekens, holding in his hand a bust of Fox. 19. Ireton, the Cromwellian, by Walker. 20. The first Lord Torrington, by Kneller, of capital quality. 21. Is the celebrated Chandos Portrait of Shakspeare, but so obscure has it become that great doubts may be well entertained of its authenticity. We cannot pass in review every portrait, although it is but few that from their demerits deserve exception. The more excellent of those remaining are, Keats, by Mr. Severn, added since the opening. Theodore Hook and Arthur Murphy, by Dance; Huskisson the Statesman, Stothard, R.A., Admiral Boscawen, and the Earl of Bath, by Reynolds, and also by him a large portrait of Earl Shelburne; Wilberforce, by Lawrence; Lord Clive, by Dance; Mrs. Siddons, by Beechy; Burns, by Nasmyth; and Raeburn and Addington, by Mr. Richmond. Other additions may soon be expected, and the increase of the gallery to a national scale will, we hope, be the work of a short time.

THE KENSINGTON GALLERIES.

THE new galleries at Kensington are approaching completion. One is a double gallery similar to that in which the Sheepshanks collection is exhibited, and of the same width, which is extremely narrow for a public gallery; but the structures of the Department of Art are quite *recherché* in crotchety singularity. A fragile shed of timber and red tiles, something like a Swiss or Norwegian chapel, conducts to the noted "boilers," the green iron tubular sheds of the Museum, at the end of which is the narrow brick passages in which the Sheepshanks collection is thoroughly warmed and ventilated, more suited for air-shafts and reservoirs for the rest of the Museum than for showing pictures. This miserable style of gallery *in petto* is now continued to the extent of 130 feet, and is divided into three portions, which would probably hold the Vernon collection alone, but would divide it into six inconceivable rooms, instead of permitting the comparison and enjoyment of the whole in one large apartment. But we hope this last insult to the deceased public benefactor will not be permitted, and that the Vernon pictures will never be transported to the outscarp of London existence, in deference to courtly whim and Continental tastes, and in disregard of pledges, reasons, and the purposes of great public collections. We believe from the swampy nature of the ground, the rapidity with which the building has been "run up," and the

slightness of its construction, that it cannot be fit for the pictures until the warmth of a summer has aired and dried its walls. We warn the authorities in time, not to destroy or injure the pictures by damp. A Wilkie or a Turner may be chilled, bloomed, or obscured irrecoverably, or, what is still more probable, may be cracked to pieces, split, peeled, blistered, and ruined, by contact with wet unsettled walls, perhaps assisted by damp plaster and loose skylights. The Trafalgar-square gallery was not erected in less than six years: this has been raised from a soddened bog in as many weeks. Running off in a continuous right angle with this building, is a second of nearly the same length, and, as it is a single gallery and not divided, it is a larger and better room; its construction appears to have been an afterthought grafted on the first plan. Although these buildings are intended for the English pictures now at Marlborough House, and were constructed by the parties at Kensington under the sanction of Mr. Disraeli and the Treasury, we believe their completion will be supervised by the Office of Works. They are not temporary buildings: 4,000*l.* is the least estimate of their cost. And earnestly as we deprecate the transference of the national pictures from the centres of life and traffic in London, we fear that the removal is fully determined on by those who determined on the transfer of the whole of the National Gallery to the same site many years since. It is an unblushing bearding of public opinion; but we have observed that the cowardice of which the aristocracy were lately accused, has in some degree smitten the press, for, although the intention of Mr. Disraeli and other panderers to German fashions in this matter, has been generally known, no daily contemporary has denounced it, and few other journals have noticed it. Happily those of our contemporaries who have commented on it have strongly objected to it, and *Punch* smartly reminds the person for whose pleasure it is built that he is at liberty to pay for it. That the entire National Gallery must ultimately follow this, the larger portion, is a natural result, and whilst we write, it is whispered to us that the temporary removal of the English collection is but the feeling of the way to the old original proposal, to build an immense gallery on the Kensington estate, and that this will be once more determinedly attempted by the Government in the next session. We have no doubt that the bureau of our astute Chancellor of the Exchequer, contains a series of bills regarding the national art collections, to be proposed in June next. The removal of the pictures will commence in a few weeks. Where is W. Coningham, Lord Elcho, and the *Times*? Where are all those who assisted at the greatest whip of the session of 1856? Is the "gilded saloon" theory to receive further proof of its general diffusion and truth?

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A FINE PORTRAIT of the great Blake, "admiral and general," hitherto unknown to Blake's biographers and admirers, has recently been found in a corner of the gallery of Mr. Fountaine, of Narford, in Norfolk. It has been temporarily transferred to London by an enthusiastic connoisseur, and nephew of Mr. Fountaine, Mr. G. Hogg, of Hyde-park gate, Kensington, for the inspection of his friends who take an interest in our great Commonwealth heroes. The portrait belonged to the original possessor of Narford, Sir Andrew Fountaine, once the friend, and afterwards the enemy, of Pope and Swift. Its pedigree is satisfactorily traced back from family account books for a hundred and fifty years, to a time when Republican heroes were too little in fashion to make it worth any body's while to forge a portrait. It represents Blake a young man, with the long Puritan laced collar. The face is a fine thoughtful one, with a dash of sternness, if association do not deceive us; and is infinitely nearer to our ideal of Blake than the pudding-faced country justice which, on no good grounds, is given as the frontispiece of Dixon's *Life*. Blake's name and the words "ætatis sue [34?]" have been discovered painted by the artist into the lower ground of his picture, which is decidedly the best authenticated portrait of Blake known. Mr. Fountaine is the gentleman who was lately proved to have the original of the supposed portrait of Addison at Holland House, upon which Macaulay has expended so much eloquence. The trustees of our new "National Portrait Gallery" should cultivate the goodwill of Mr. Fountaine, of Narford.

To all appearance we are really to have a statue to Caxton, and Mr. Durham has been selected as the sculptor to execute it; the model for which was exhibited at the *soirée* held on Saturday night at King's College, and attracted very general attention. Caxton is represented seated, reading what may be supposed to be proof-sheets. The costume is very picturesque, and handled with much skill, with which all the accessories are in harmony. It is arranged to place this statue in the Westminster Palace Hotel, the hall of which building stands upon the site of Caxton's house.

The finished model for the statue of the late General Neill was sent to the foundry last week, and the casting of it in bronze will be completed about the middle of April next, when the granite pedestal will be also ready.

The Society of Arts is perseveringly pursuing its labours on fine-art copyright.

Mr. Foley's statue of Lord Hardinge has been fixed at Calcutta. When will London see the duplicate?

At the French Gallery in Pall-mall, some water-colour pictures, including "The Waiting-place of the Jews," by M. A. Bida, are on view.

Dr. G. Kinkel delivered a learned lecture, well illustrated, on "Hindoo Art," at the Museum, Kensington, on Monday last, as the first of a series on the "Fine Arts and Art Collections" of the Department of Art.

Sir G. Hayter's grand picture of "Latimer Preaching at St. Paul's Cross" is on view at Messrs. Jennings, Cheapside.

The mission of M. Théophile Silvestre to this country, under the patronage of the French Government, and the paper read by him at the Society of Arts on "The Arts in England," is a great tribute to England and a happy preliminary to the united action of the two countries in the coming grand Art Congress of 1861. The lecture was moderate in its opinions and based on a liberal taste, and almost excessive in its encomiums of British painting.

On Saturday evening the Principal and Head Master of King's College gave a *soirée* to about three thousand guests; and, under the direction of Professor Delamotte, the rooms, corridors, and council-hall were filled with choice examples of art, consisting of paintings, sculpture, drawings, works in bronze, photographs, and ceramic ware. The cold grey hall was completely metamorphosed into a greenhouse, brilliantly illuminated, and filled with exotics from Messrs. Veitch and Co.

In Carlisle Cathedral there has been this week a small monument erected to the memory of M. L. Watson, sculptor. It includes a medallion of the artist, and at the base a few modelling tools—hammer, chisels, &c.—grouped together. We have heard, one or two sculptors who knew and possessed a great admiration for him, have been the means of placing this tribute to his genius. Upon the monument is inscribed the line from Gray:

Some kindred spirit may inquire thy fate.

Watson's fate was a sad one to inquire into: endowed with genius of the highest order, and treated for years with scandalous neglect, he became soured with the world; and, knowing little but neglect, where can be the wonder if he saw all things gloomily. Watson was nearly fifty when he died, and the only employment he received of any note was upon the death of Chantrey, when the statues of Lords Eldon and Stowell were intrusted to him. Most of our readers will remember those wonderfully fine works as they stood in the nave of the Great Exhibition in 1851. His poetical compositions take high rank; his designs and sketches are numerous and admirable. Nearly thirty sculptors in the United Kingdom signed a memorial to Sir Benjamin Hall, praying him to guarantee the execution of the Wellington monument should be confided to the successful competitor. This he did not do, and therefore the partial failure of the competition. In that memorial occurred the following tribute to the subject of our notice: "A sculptor of the name of Watson recently died: he was an industrious artist, and a competitor for most of the public monuments erected in his day. He never obtained a commission; but the rejected models which he exhibited on such occasions, are now sought for with avidity, and studied by living artists." If sculptors are asked which rank he holds in art, the answer is, next to Flaxman.

The general celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Burns, has induced the publication of numerous portraits of the poet. One of the finest is just announced by Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow and Mr. Gambart of London. It is a large engraving, 14½ inches by 11½ inches, in stipple of a three-quarter length portrait, in red chalks, by Archibald Skirving, a congenial friend and companion of the poet, who practised his art in Edinburgh. The picture is now in the possession of George Rennie, Esq., London. It has been clearly and delicately engraved by W. Holl, in a perfectly finished manner. Of the almost unknown artist, the publisher's state:

Skirving possessed very excellent opportunities of becoming minutely conversant with the countenance of Burns, as seen under those varying and changeable aspects to which it was subject. He was intimately acquainted with the poet, and often spent his evenings with him, during the sojourn of Burns in Edinburgh. They must, indeed, in some respects at least, have been kindred spirits; for the artist, disdaining the patronage of rank and fortune, was of that proud, independent mind, so congenial to the poet, and to which he has given such noble expression in that magnificent lyric, "A man's a man for a' that." Skirving always wrought in crayons—a department of art in which he attained rare excellence; but probably of account on his abrupt manners, blunt style of address, and other eccentricities, he never attained the fame or acquired the fortune he might have done, had his mind been cast in a smoother mould. Another reason may be, that, having some property independent of his profession, he pursued his art more for pleasure than profit. Skirving was so pleased with this portrait, and with one he had made of the late John Rennie, the eminent engineer, that he never would part with them, though often solicited to do so by admirers of Burns for the one, and by Mr. Rennie himself for his own portrait, a work which he had commissioned.

Compared with the better-known portrait by Nasmyth, this has the more severe dignified air, but

the gentle poet is not lost in the eyes and features; the forehead, more square and massive, relieves the features of the merely pretty air observable in the Nasmyth picture. Sir Walter Scott, from old acquaintance and observation of the poet, says: "His features are represented in Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits." Skirving's is the portrait of nature's nobleman, not the simple poetic peasant boy of the other picture. The repose and ease of the face is as happy as its manly beauty; and the care of the drawing is elaborate and masterly, though at first sight sketchy and wayward.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

RED LETTER DAYS seem to be undergoing the process of a brisk revival. Great men and great events are not to be suffered, as in the sleepy days of yore, to cross the stage of existence like so many shadows. This is a more practical epoch; the names and deeds of the illustrious dead are forthwith to be perpetuated by the power of the press, the help of the lecture room, and the attractions of the public exhibition. Anniversaries and festivals are come into vogue, and act as levers to turn otherwise inert masses to a profitable account. No company know how to manage this species of social legerdemain better than that at Sydenham. The movement known as the centenary birthday of the immortal Robert Burns has proved an unmistakable hit. On Saturday the first commemorative service began with music on as classic a scale as could harmonise with a certain projected plan. Among the many interesting items which formed the programme was Mendelssohn's "Symphony in A minor," more familiarly known as the "Scotch." This is generally regarded as his orchestral masterpiece. Few of the works of Mendelssohn are more deeply imbued with that poetical spirit which is the pervading characteristic of his genius, and few exhibit in so remarkable a degree his originality of style and wondrous use of the resources of the orchestra. We are quite at variance with the reading of Herr Manns, both in the *scherzo* and final movements. Custom has familiarized us with a somewhat slower style and consequent broader effects—one, in fact, that has acquired the importance and authority of irrefutable tradition. Great and finished as the digital dexterity of the most accomplished may be, there is a point beyond which it cannot be forced without subjecting the delicate tracery of instrumentation to confusion and obscurity. The symphony was, despite the drawbacks mentioned, extremely well received, and proved itself to be the grand feature of the concert. Mr. Howard Glover's "Tam o'Shanter" was heard on this occasion for the first time at the Palace. This *cantata* first produced at the New Philharmonic Society has been done also at the festivals in the country. Its appropriateness to the event in question gave new interest and a fresh impulse to the composition, which though strongly impregnated with Caledonian melody, is *per se* a work of merit. Mr. Wilbye Cooper took commendable pains in endeavouring to strengthen the charm of Burns's poem by Glover's music, and as he had a good orchestra and chorus willing to back up his efforts, the *cantata* met with a highly satisfactory reception. A solo violoncello, on favourite Scotch melodies, by Mr. Chipp, was too imperfectly heard by those who happened to be five minutes late, that a proper estimate of its real value could not be arrived at. Those in more favoured portions of the room declared loudly in favour of Mr. Chipp, who acknowledged his thanks accordingly. Saturday's performance closed with Bishop's celebrated overture, "Guy Mannering," which being made up chiefly of accredited Scotch melodies, was quite opportune. The music of Tuesday had the same overture. Beyond this the programme presented so pitiable a contrast with that of the two days previous, and was withal so miserably below the proper standard for such an occasion, that the less said the better, observing only, that if the much vaunted centenary has succeeded as a commercial enterprise, it certainly has done nothing towards the elevation of art.

With so excellent a supply of vocal and instrumental talent as that provided by the managers of the "Popular Concerts" on Monday, the concert could not prove otherwise than satisfactory. Mme. Viardot Garcia was the "bright particular star." As associates were Miss Eyles, Signor Luchesi, Signor Dragone, and the celebrated English tenor himself. Viardot exhibited her vocal abilities chiefly in "Ecco il panto" from "Titus," and in Pacini's better-known "Il soave." But her greatest triumphs were achieved in the "Airs Espagnols," to which she claims the power of imparting a charm hitherto unpossessed by any other singer in this rare walk of the musical art. A quartette, "Ne tocan campanas," in which Miss Eyles and the before-named Italian artists took part, was an excellent specimen of concerted vocalism. Signor Luchesi appeared in "Da quel di," and "Una furiva lagrima;" Signor Dragone armed himself with the popular but hard-worn "Il balen," while Reeves

contentedly relied on simple ballad music by English composers. The encores awarded to Reeves testify to the power he possesses in the illustration of native song. But in taking another view of the case, it is to be regretted that nothing beyond three simple ballads, all of them puerile in comparison with hundreds of stock songs by less favoured composers should be the evening's work of a really great singer. In all popular concerts like these there will be the element of the strong, lung and freedom of expression purchased for a shilling, but there is at the same time another class, who are capable of digesting something better than a namby-pamby ballad, and whose wishes are entitled to a fair share of consideration. Signor Regondi, Herr Engel, and Mr. Brinley Richards were the chief instrumental soloists. Mr. Benedict and Mr. Hatton acted alternately in the capacity of conductors. The hall was inconveniently crowded, and the uproar occasioned by the *vox populi* for unreasonable repetitions of favourite pieces, not only lengthened the meeting beyond the point of endurance, but absolutely spoiled a great portion of that which was really entertaining to the thoughtful and better-behaved portion of the audience.

An inaugural meeting of the Vocal Association under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict was held at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening. According to the prospectus this was the first of the "Undress Concerts," of which there are to be five during the season, with five others denominated "Dress Concerts." The chief object of this association is to forward the perfection of choral singing, but as a continual repetition of part songs or other concerted music would soon weary even ardent admirers if it were to be the only amusement for a four hours' sitting, solo music is brought to the rescue, and hence at very agreeable and instructive entertainment may be realised. On the occasion in question several ladies ranging in degrees of vocal qualification, lightened the programme with choice songs, cavatinas, &c., from well-known and reputed compositions. Were, however, the professional principals, who appeared on Tuesday, tried by the ordinary measure of criticism, they would one and all be found sadly wanting. A song by a non-professional, a very young lady, of the association, was richer in promise than all the rest in reality. "Sweet little bird, depart" will be associated with Miss Chipperfield for some time to come. Herr Daubert, who lent valuable assistance to the young lady by an accompaniment violoncello, has a great command of his instrument, and withal plays with elegance and ease. Miss Susan Goddard's pianoforte performance was chiefly remarkable as an exhibition of a set of studies containing difficulties unmastered. "Pater Noster" music, composed by Meyerbeer, and performed for the first time by the entire vocal force, was one of the bright points of the evening. A part song for nine male voices, was not so complete; there was uncertainty and indecision in taking up the points, neither was the intonation free from reproach. There is as great an evil in being over confident as over cautious. The chief fault of the programme consisted in its length; this, however, a judicious executive can find an easy remedy for in the future.

Every well-organised institution is based upon the use of laudable means for the attainment of the desired end. Upon this principle the "Musical Society of London" sets out; and, judging from its first public starting point on Wednesday evening, at St. James's Hall, most auspiciously. In glancing over the code of laws for the government of the society, the real need of such an institution at once forces itself upon the mind. It does appear somewhat strange, in so vast a city as this, that the chief points which this newly-born institution aims to promote have been hitherto overlooked, seeing that the whole brotherhood have a direct beneficial interest in carrying them out. A musical library, the promotion of social intercourse with the world-spread musical family, the opportunity of trying new compositions, and of extending the theoretical and historical knowledge of the art, with other movements manifestly progressive, must of necessity have much to do with the greatness of the future. The healthy tone which is infused into the management for the avoidance of cliques, and the earnest spirit manifested to keep pace with the requirements of the age, are indications that there is now a chance of establishing the musical art upon a broader and more permanent basis than the too many of the shadowy forms professed to do, that were raised on mere imaginings and flitted at the first play of the sun-beam. The first concert, on Wednesday, was attended by a more fashionable and critical auditory than it has been our good fortune to witness for many a day. The programme contained seven items, all *chef d'œuvre*, and these were executed in a manner that sets criticism at defiance. Madame Catherine Hayes was the vocalist, and gave the grand scena from "Der Freischütz," and an aria from "William Tell," with consummate finish and ability. A cantata, by G. A. Macfarren, entitled "May Day," was performed for the first time in London. A part song in it, "The Hunt's up," was encored. Such a demonstration by the audience in question is a compliment which stamps the work as one of unquestioned merit. Signor Piatti played a violoncello concerto, composed by Molique—a masterpiece of writing marvellously

executed. Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and the overture to "Fernand Cortez," by Spontini, were the other instrumental pieces. Mr. Alfred Mellon had the command of the forces, and a more competent conductor could not have been selected.

In nothing previous to the close of the last week have the company at St. James's Theatre been seen to best advantage. The much admired *opera bouffe* entitled "Le Caïd," with Madame Faure as "Virginie Modiste," brought out the merits of the various *artistes*, both individually and collectively, in a stronger light than in "Les Diamans" or "Le Domino Noir." The music of Ambrose Thomas differs materially from that of Auber, the presiding genius at St. James's. It is nevertheless rich, sparkling, and joyous, and withal extremely catching. Madame Faure seemed to revel in it, but made "Le Caïd" too frequently the medium for showing the extent of her vocal register, introducing passages wonderful enough as flights of fancy, but altogether unrelated to the subject they were intended to ornament. In other respects the *prima donna* came off with well-deserved *éclat*, and at the close was called to receive the congratulations of the house.

The London Sacred Harmonic Society gave another sign of life on Wednesday evening. "Messiah" was performed at Exeter Hall; but, alas! not in a manner sufficiently satisfactory to claim more than the passing note of occurrence.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

WITH reference to the question as to the wages of ballet girls Mr. Robert Roxby has written the following letter: "Sir,—I shall feel obliged by the insertion of the following statement in answer to the remarks in your paper of this morning, copied from the *Era*. I think it only just to this establishment to state that we have thirty ladies regularly employed in the ballet in the pantomime. The first twelve receive 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; the second five 1*l.* 1*s.*; the third four, 1*l.*; and the rest 1*s.* per week. I hope, as far as regards the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, this is a sufficient answer to the paragraph above referred to.—I am your obedient servant, ROBERT ROXBY, Stage Manager." Mr. Roxby will not, however, pretend that this rate of payment is the average pay of these poor girls, and he entirely evades the question of what they have to find out of their pittances.

Mr. G. W. Thorbury is, we believe, writing a play for one of our principal theatres.

An insult offered to a respectable and deserving actress, Mrs. Selby, the wife of Mr. Charles Selby, ought to be repudiated by all right-minded persons. It appears that some young men, actuated by a spirit of which no explanation has been offered, cast a huge wreath of *immortelles* upon the stage of the Strand Theatre when Mrs. Selby appeared upon it. This was, doubtless, intended to signify that the time had arrived for Mrs. Selby to be entombed so far as her artistic life is concerned. The outrage was not, however, suffered to pass unnoticed, for upon an application to Mr. Henry, at Bow-street, the magistrate promised to grant warrants if the names of the offending parties were communicated. This had an effect which has been described by Mr. Selby in the following letter: "Sir,—Will you kindly afford me the opportunity of stating to the public, who witnessed the very distressing scene which occurred at the Strand Theatre on Friday last, that the four young men who threw the *immortelles* at Mrs. Selby have all come forward and in a most proper and manly manner made an honourable apology, in which they disclaim any intention of premeditated insult or disrespect, the throwing the wreaths being, as they then thought, but a harmless frolic? The apology, which is signed by all the parties concerned, is perfectly satisfactory to me, and as the question has been met with great candour and manliness, I feel I should be 'myself offending' to publish the names. Apologising for encroaching on your space and urbanity in a matter of so little moment to many of your readers, although of serious importance to me and my profession, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,—CHARLES SELBY."

Mr. Sidney French is the author of the new drama at the Lyceum, and not Mr. P. Watts, as stated by mistake.

The *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* says that the introduction of Haydn's "Seasons" at the fourth concert of the Manchester Choral Society, held last night in the Free Trade Hall, could not be otherwise than welcome to the subscribers. Of late years this beautiful *cantata* has not received from musical managers that amount of honour and attention due its many acknowledged merits. Its revival in London, and the more recent performance, under Professor Bennett's direction, at the Leeds Festival, have, however, been the signal for renewed notice, and there is little doubt that the "Seasons" will, ere long, enjoy with the public a fair share of the great favour with which it has been regarded by musicians and amateurs. Like all Haydn's compositions, this *cantata* is replete with beautiful melodies; the airs and concerted pieces are always appropriate, and often elegant; and in some of the choruses there is not merely a charming descriptive power, but a grandeur of conception and execution which could not fail to surprise those unfamiliar with this masterpiece. There is, however,

in the arrangement of the *libretto* an objection which must always interfere with the popularity of the "Seasons." English audiences are unaccustomed to the indiscriminate mingling of sacred and secular subjects in a musical performance. Bacchanalian revels have always been considered appropriate subjects for the composer's genius, and certainly the specimen in the "Seasons" is uncommonly fine, but there is a decided, and we consider commendable feeling in the minds of our countrymen against the intimate and glaring introduction of an illustration of religious and holy sentiments immediately subsequent to a mirthful narrative of love and flirtation. The peculiar character of Haydn's recitatives—intimately associated as they are with the "Creation"—in like manner will not allow the uninitiated to listen without wonder to similar musical phrases, in illustration of such lines as "The lover finds the clust'ring nuts."

Mr. Samuel Carter Hall's first lecture on the "Authors of the Age," was to have been delivered at Willis's Rooms last evening. Being necessarily compelled to postpone our observations upon it, we shall content ourselves with selecting the following extract from the introduction: "My opportunities of personal intimacy with the distinguished men and women of my time have been frequent and peculiar: there are few of the many by whom the present century has been glorified, with whom I have not been acquainted, either as the editor of works to which they were contributors, as associates in general society, or in the familiar intercourse of private life. Many of whom I shall speak had 'put on immortality' before the greater number of my auditors were born: one generation has passed away, and another attained its prime, since the period to which I shall take you back. I shall attempt no descriptions except of those with whom I have been personally more or less intimate; and I must be content to describe them briefly. I may be haunted by a perpetual desire to say more, and you will no doubt often consider that I might say more, of each; but you will remember, that the *time* to which I am limited dictates condensation as a first duty. The homage I offer is to the Past; the heroes I worship are the departed; the friends I call to memory are those of whom you and I, and all mankind, and heirs—men and women who for the world's behoof have 'penned and uttered wisdom;' and who by precept and example—'by written records' which the Destroyer can never 'raise out,' have inculcated the great lesson, so happily conveyed, in four expressive lines, by one on whom their mantle has descended, and who is the poet of England no less than of America:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

M. Roger de Beauvoir, the French poet and dramatic author, and M. Bache, the actor, were on Tuesday acquitted by the Court of Correctional Appeals of a charge of having conspired to represent M. Bache as a police-agent, for the purpose of extorting a signature to a deed from Mme. Doze, M. R. de Beauvoir's mother-in-law. The court below had found them guilty, and sentenced M. de Beauvoir to one year's, and M. Bache to three months' imprisonment.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At the last weekly meeting of the Society, J. A. Nicholay, Esq., in the chair, Mr. Peter Graham, member of the Council, introduced for discussion the report of the committee appointed by the council to consider the subject of "A Small Parcels Post." The report tended to show that the present rate of postage on parcels amounted to a prohibition, except in a very few cases, and also that the private means of transmission were so expensive and uncertain, the cost of portage to and from railway stations being so great, that great difficulty was experienced in conveying small parcels from one part of the country to another. The committee was of opinion that, at a payment of 4*d.* for a parcel of a pound weight, the post might do at a profit that which private employers could not do for a very much larger sum. From the Land's End to May, near Thurso, no less than nineteen different methods of transit were employed. The practical result of this was that hardly any small parcels were sent these long distances, the railway companies being thus losers of a considerable amount of profitable traffic.

MUSEUM OF ECONOMIC GEOLOGY.—On Monday, Mr. Warrington Smyth delivered his third lecture to working-men on "Mining;" the subject being the raising of minerals and the various mechanical appliances connected therewith. After a few prefatory observations he drew attention to a diagram of the Botallack Mine, situated on the extreme west coast of Cornwall, closely adjoining to the Land's End, where the lodes, running from the land out beneath the bottom of the sea, were under the waves of the Atlantic, 230 fathoms below the sea level, and a distance of a third of a mile from the shore. Through the crust of the rock may be distinctly heard the roaring of the waters rolling along the bed of the

sea huge masses of rock of incredible weight, and the sound is sometimes so audible that parties in the mine can scarcely believe the overlying strata of the rock is sufficiently strong to protect them from the fury of the ocean. It was always important, for the welfare of the mine and those who were employed, that it should be worked in a regular manner. If the miner had a very hard rock before him he expected to be better paid than when he passed through soft ground, which did not require so large an amount of labour and such expensive materials. In all these cases he was himself the judge of the price the work was worth. On this a sort of Dutch auction is held, and one miner, on the behalf of his comrades, offers a price for the work to be performed; the more skilful the miner, so is he enabled to take the bargain at the lowest price and make a profit; and from the nature of the ground they, from their long practice and experience, are enabled to judge the changes likely to take place; and if an agent does not possess sufficient knowledge, a contract may be struck greatly to the advantage of the miner. For every six feet of ground you may have to pay prices varying from 25s. to 120l. He could point out a mine where for each fathom the proprietors had to give the workmen the latter sum; this, however, was a case of special difficulty. The system of tribute was then described, the miner then receiving a per centage on the ores he brought into a marketable shape. The ore, when broke, is then placed in barrows, afterwards it is wheeled to the bottom of the shaft on a tramway; in larger mines waggons are employed. In some collieries from thirty to forty horses may be seen, who are regularly kept in stables underground, as well as fifty or sixty ponies to go into the lesser excavations. Formerly the kibbles in which the ore was drawn up were worked by a horse "whim," with a hempen rope. This, in the majority of cases, is now superseded by steam-engines and the wire-rope of Messrs. Newall and Andrew Smith. The one-link chain is highly dangerous, as, if one link snaps from a slight flaw, a great sacrifice of life may ensue; and in his opinion the Legislature ought to prevent its use. The improvements in water-power were then alluded to, as well as the various mechanical appliances which are in general employment. The lecturer concluded by observing that, some years since, a question was mooted whether the introduction of machinery would be advantageous to the material prosperity of the country. Experience had, however, proved that we should have never risen to our present pre-eminent position had we neglected to avail ourselves of the use of steam to assist in forwarding the interests of all classes of society.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—On January 19th, Professor J. Phillips, President, in the chair, read: 1. On the Gold-field of Ballarat, Victoria. By H. Rosales, Esq. Communicated by W. W. Smyth, Esq., Sec. G. S. M. Rosales described the position of the quartz lodes (the matrix of the gold) in the schists of the hill ranges, from whence originate the numerous auriferous gullies, forming eventually several channels (charrigues), and the different courses of the old gold-bearing streams, which, gradually passing to lower levels, reach the great areas of basalt, under which they continue their hidden course. To illustrate these points, the author prepared and sent a manuscript map of the district from beyond Buninyong to Creswick, on which the granite, basalt, schists, and quartz lodes were shown, as well as the gold channels, gullies, runs, leads, &c., connected with which ninety-six named spots or diggings were carefully indicated. 2. Description of a new species of Cephalaspis (C. Asterolepis) from the old red sandstone of the neighbourhood of Ludlow. By John Harley, Esq. Communicated by Prof. Huxley, F.G.S. This new form of Cephalaspis (from Hopton-gate) is at least twice the size of C. Lyellii, and is further characterised by the position, obliquity, and magnitude of the orbits. The space between the orbits is proportionally small, and the occipital crest very short. The outer enamel layer is ornamented with tubercles, which, though somewhat variable, bear so close a resemblance to those covering the bony plates of Asterolepis, as to have suggested the specific name. The inner layer of the bony plate presents lacunæ and canaliculi, resembling those of human bone; and many of them, in the specimen described, are naturally injected with a transparent blood-red material, so distinctly and delicately, that in their minutest details the structure of canals not more than $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch in diameter is beautifully revealed. Mr. Harley also described a more perfect specimen of Cephalaspis Salweyi than the one of which Sir P. Egerton not long since determined the species. It was found by Mr. Salwey at Thirlstone near Bromyard. Associated with the C. Salweyi, the author found a specimen of either a dermal plate or a tooth of a placoid fish, resembling some Silurian fossils called Cœlolepidæ by Pander.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting held on Monday evening, at Burlington House, Sir Roderick L. Murchison, President, in the Chair, the papers read were: 1. "Journey in Mexico," by Charles Sevin, Esq., F.G.S. The author, accompanied by an experienced Cornish miner and assayer, started from England in May 1856, arrived at San Francisco, via Panama, on the 16th of June, and, having visited the gold and quicksilver mines in the

neighbourhood, set out for Mazatlan (Mexico), which they reached on the 25th of the same month, whence they pursued a northerly direction, following the road to the Sierra Madre, passing successively the towns of Culiacan, the Cinola, and El Fuerte, the last being near the boundaries of Sonora, and seventy-eight miles east of Almos, on the principal road to the port of Guaymas. Leaving this place, they travelled in an easterly direction, and after passing several small towns and villages, and crossing the Rio Chois with some difficulty, proceeded across high mountains, covered with primitive and tropical woods. The travellers stopped and examined some copper-smelting works belonging formerly to an Englishman, Mr. Anderson, situated on a mountain ridge about 3,500 feet above the level of the valley below. Continuing their journey in the direction of the province of Chihuahua, and, constantly ascending, they reached a great plateau, the summit of one of the highest points of the Cordillera, 8,000 or 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, which opened up a fine panoramic view of the neighbouring country; they then pushed on to the capital of Chihuahua, which, together with the province, is described, and on their return they passed on both sides many Indian villages, visited the formerly flourishing town of Botopilas, the richest silver mining district of the north of Mexico, the Pueblo of Bahuarachie and its famous copper-mines, again reached El Fuerte, and returned to Mazatlan, following nearly the same route. Mr. Sevin describes very fully the present state of the country, its resources, and inhabitants, and his narrative is illustrated by diagrams, showing the mountain ranges and physical character of the country, and accompanied by numerous specimens of minerals, to which his attention has been specially directed. He states that there are everywhere indications of the presence of silver, which is now worked without much skill or enterprise, and he is of opinion that if English capital and energy were employed it would be attended with great profit. The second paper read was—Reports from Captains Barton and Speke, of the East African Expedition, on their discovery of Lake Ugji, &c., with route maps. These enterprising officers had left the shores of Lake Ugji in the month of May last, and halted at the main depot of Arab trade, Unyanyembe, whence Captain Speke purposed proceeding to the Ukerewa Lake, of which the Arabs give grand accounts, twelve or fifteen days' marches north. If successful in this, they will be enabled to bring home authentic details of the four great waters which drain Eastern Central Africa, namely, the Nyassa, the Chiwa, the Ugji, and the Ukerewa Lakes. On Captain Speke's return, both will repair to the east coast, which they hoped to reach in December. The explorers had encountered numerous and fearful difficulties, and suffered severely from the unhealthiness of the country and other causes. All their asses, thirty in number, had died. Many of the native attendants had deserted them, and, but for the kind and generous assistance of the French consul at Zanzibar, M. Ladislav Cochet, who, after Colonel Hamerton's unfortunate decease, proved himself an active and energetic friend, they would have been unable to proceed. "Still," they write, "we are slowly improving, and the thought of finishing our labours with, what we hope will be considered, most valuable results,* has much diminished the terrible wear and tear of mind caused by wants during our journey westwards."

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

NEW PROCESS FOR FIXING CHALK DRAWINGS.—M. Ortlieb has just communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences on this subject. The first methods for fixing works of art executed in chalks, charcoal, and other substances which are in danger of destruction from the slightest touch, date from very far back, and in some cases are perfectly successful. Sometimes the drawing is rapidly dipped into a bath of some glutinous liquid, and sometimes the liquid itself is applied with a brush. This, however, cannot be done with chalk or charcoal drawings. A very thin and transparent sheet of bibulous paper is laid on the drawing, and the brush is then passed over the protecting sheet, the glutinous liquid penetrates to the drawing, and the wished for effect is produced. In the case of chalk drawings (pastels), however, this process has the inconvenience that certain tints which, on being wetted, change their tone, do not return to their former state on drying. This circumstance led M. Ortlieb to make some experiments with a view to find a better fixing liquid than those now in use; and, after many trials, he found that the silicates of potash and soda answered very well, but with the serious drawback that, during the application, the colours were liable to be disturbed, so as to give the drawing the appearance of being smudged. At length, however, he succeeded in obviating this inconvenience by a very simple plan, which merely consists in executing the pastel upon thick but un-sized paper, such as is used in copperplate printing, and afterwards applying the fixing liquid to the back; it is thus quickly absorbed without causing any disturbance of colours on the other side. To this it must be added that none but mineral colours should be used, those being the only ones that can combine

with the silicates, which have no action on vegetable colours. These rules being observed, the picture will not only resist damp, but will even resist washing with water, acid vapours have no effect upon it, and it becomes almost incombustible.—*Galvani's Messenger.*

EXTRAORDINARY FOSSIL REMAINS.—There have recently been discovered in one of the limestone quarries at Oreston, near Plymouth, the teeth, bones, and other remains of lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, horses, hyenas, and other animals. This discovery has created quite a sensation in the geological world. The extreme remoteness of the age when these animals existed in Britain may be judged from the fact that the cavern from which the fossils were extracted is situated in the solid rock in the cliff of a quarry, which is about 1,000 feet from the edge of the sea. The cavern was 70 feet above the level of high water, and 35 feet below the surface of the field above; it was 20 feet long, 10 feet high, and about 10 feet wide. There was no aperture, or other indication of its locality. Among the contents is the jaw of an animal of the horse species in stalagmite, exceedingly perfect. This is said to be the first ever found in stalagmite, and, if so, establishes facts and gives rise to theories entirely new in geology. The breakwater in the Sound is composed almost entirely of limestone worked from the Oreston quarries. The fossils are in the possession of Mr. Joseph, mineralogist, of Plymouth.

THE GEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Hyde Clarke, one of the vice-presidents of the Geological Association, has undertaken, at the request of the committee, to deliver a lecture at the next meeting of the society, on the 8th of February, at St. Martin's Hall, on the "Organisation of a Geological Survey of the United Kingdom by the Members of the Association." The association is making rapid progress, having elected 170 members since November.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION ON THE CONTINENT.—The Belgian *Moniteur* publishes the telegraphic convention (already promulgated by the French official journal) concluded on the 30th of June last between Belgium, France, and Prussia, and the Royal decree containing the regulations for carrying the international convention into effect. It will come into execution on 1st February. The advantages of this convention are, in addition to great simplifications in the service, a reduction in the charges for communications with Germany in the proportion of five to three. It is to be hoped that this new tariff will be shortly extended to Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and the Sardinian States, in conformity with the convention concluded at Berne on the 1st of September last, and the provisions of which are the same as those of the convention of Brussels.

ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS IN GLASGOW.—The City Chamberlain of Glasgow, in his statistical report says:—Of the 15,897 births registered in Glasgow in 1858, 1,282 are recorded as illegitimate, which shows 77 out of every 1,000 of the total births; but Glasgow, in respect of illegitimacy, is not so bad as Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, and Edinburgh. In Glasgow the illegitimate births were 1,232, being 7.7 per cent. of the population; Edinburgh, 457, being 8.8 per cent.; Dundee, 353, being 10.1 per cent.; Aberdeen, 357, being 14.0 per cent.; Paisley, 131, being 7.3 per cent.; Greenock, 88, being 4.8 per cent.; Leith, 72, being 5.9 per cent.; Perth, 77, being 9.7 per cent.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, January 31.—Institute of Actuaries, 7. "On the Probabilities of Marriage as affecting the calculation of Assurance against Issue," by Mr. Day.
Tuesday, February 1.—Council Meeting of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, 8.—Pathological, 4.
Wednesday, February 2.—Geological, 8. "On the Formation of Volcanoes and Craters," by G. Poulett Scrope, Esq., M.P.—Society of Arts, 8.
Thursday, January 3.—Linnæan, 8. Mr. Bentham's Notes on British Botany, continued: Geographical Distribution.
Saturday, February 5.—Royal Asiatic Society, 2.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY

THE first evening meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, after Christmas, was devoted to a lengthy paper on the tenth *Iter* of Antoninus, involving much peculiar local knowledge, but obviously more fitted for private than public reading. The second meeting, held last week, was more varied in its character. Some curious gold ornaments from Mexico were exhibited, showing considerable ability of workmanship; they were formed from thin plates of the precious metal, beaten up into the form of grotesque heads and hollow rings. Two very fine early daggers, found in the Thames near Battersea, and apparently of late Saxon, or early Norman workmanship, were also exhibited; upon one was distinct traces of its wooden sheath. The papers read were in illustration of a German calendar of the sixteenth century, in which computations occurred from the year 1298 to the present era; an explanation of some Anglo-Saxon ornaments found in the cemetery at Fairford, Gloucestershire; and a dissertation on the probable site of a portion of the ravages of Aulaf the Dane, as described in the "Saxon Chronicle," and a correction of the usual place assigned as the scene—Staines, near Windsor, to Stonar, near Sandwich—as being more in accordance with the chronicled event,

* The source of the Nile.

which describes the destruction of Sandwich immediately afterwards; and it is improbable that these pirates should have passed London, and ascended so far up the Thames to destroy so insignificant a town, and then return to Sandwich for a similar purpose.

In the course of the evening a small brass inscription to the memory of John Waterhouse, 1558, was exhibited to show the early desecration of church inscriptions; the reverse exhibiting an older and original memorial to Thomas Umbre, 1470. This led to a series of remarks on the preservation from loss of such mementoes, and many members present gave instances of the loss of many finely engraved specimens within the last ten years, during which time more than twenty good examples have disappeared or been sold for old metal; and the conversation leading to the necessity of a due record of what the churches of England possess, led to the announcement of a book now in progress, containing a list of all now remaining—about two thousand in number.

The first evening meeting of the year will be held by the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society next Wednesday, at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Edwards-street, Portman-square, when papers will be read and the general business of the Society discussed. The programme of future meetings is very promising. On Wednesday, the 13th of April, a meeting is to be held in Christ's Hospital, from which an adjournment will be made to the old monastic church of St. Bartholomew, then to St. Giles's, Cripplegate, to Barbers' Hall, the crypt under St. James in the Wall, and the bastions of old London Wall. In June it is proposed to fully examine the Guildhall of the City of London, and the crypt under Bow Church, as well as the church of St. Mary Aldermary. In July Harrow on the Hill is to be visited; and in December the year's proceedings will close in Crosby Hall.

The very large and important collection of antiquities formed by Mr. Hertz, and purchased three years ago by Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, is to be sold in February, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, and will occupy twenty days to disperse by the hammer of the auctioneer. The collection was one of the chief features of the Art Exhibition at Manchester, and comprises cabinet specimens of Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan works, with a large preponderance of Roman gems. Indeed so large a collection of cameos and intaglios has not been formed since the days of Hamilton or Baron Stosch. They embrace every variety of subject, and they are all finely rendered; their interest may be gathered from the fact of the collection containing more than two thousand examples of the ingenuity of the antique gem-engravers. An excellent essay by M. Gerhard, Director of the Archaeological Institute of Rome, precedes the catalogue, and dwells on the chief objects of interest in this important collection. The gnostic amulets are especially curious; and the bronzes and vases are generally fine.

At the opening meeting of the British Archaeological Association, a large variety of trifles were, as usual, exhibited by members; the only communication of value coming from Mr. Bateman, of Derbyshire, who gave an account of excavations conducted by him in a grave-mound near Arbor-Low, in that county. Mr. Bateman is an experienced explorer, and it is to his spade and pen, the one in delving into, and the other in describing, the burial places of the Derbyshire aboriginal tribes, that we owe thanks for a most intelligent volume on their sepulchral usages.

The Rev. A. Hume, Honorary Secretary of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, announces a descriptive volume on the antiquities found at Hoylake, on the sea coast of Cheshire, near the mouth of the river Dee, about nine miles distant from Liverpool. The sea margin exhibits a series of dunes or sandhills; beneath which there is a thin stratum of black earth on which the tide makes inroads from time to time. Within this earth, and below the present high-water mark, objects of art and industry have been found, indicating almost every degree of civilization. They have been picked up at intervals during a period of nearly thirty years, within a very limited area; and though many have been lost or dispersed beyond recovery, the writer has examined, and now has in charge, more than two thousand. He has also submitted them for examination to several of the principal antiquaries in the United Kingdom, who have favoured him with valuable information and suggestions. In date, the objects range over all periods, from the pre-historic, British, and Roman times, down to the reign of George II.; and will be described in an 8vo. volume, illustrated by a map and about thirty plates.

THE BURNS CENTENARY.

THERE is, perhaps, no very clear reason why the Burns Festival at the Crystal Palace should precede, in our brief report, all the other festivals in Scotland, England, and Ireland; but as the Directors, by their offer of the fifty guinea prize, dexterously and in time seized the position, we will begin our record from this point. Nearly 15,000 visitors assembled at the Sydenham Palace on Tuesday. If the poet had but been born in June, instead of the more ungenial period of January, there would no doubt have been a very much larger number. At exactly

noonday the colossal bust by Calder Marshall was unveiled. Portraits, manuscripts, and other literary and personal relics of the poet were brought together in abundance for the sight-seers; but the chief feature of the day was, of course, the reading of the prize poem, and the announcement of the name of the successful winner among the 621 competitors. As our readers cannot fail already to know, the Sydenham poet-laureate turned out to be a Miss Isa Craig, whose irregular stanzas were sonorously delivered by Mr. Phelps.

On the same evening the Caledonian Society dined at the London Tavern in honour of the poet. Mr. Marshall, the president of the society, was in the chair, and amongst the guests were Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. William Chambers, Mr. David Roberts, Mr. Calder Marshall, Professor Masson, Major Adair, the Editor of the *Athenaeum*, and other gentlemen well known to literature and art.

At Edinburgh the shopkeepers spontaneously closed their shutters in the afternoon, and the whole city took holiday. The chief festival was held in the Music Hall, where tables were laid out for 700 persons—500 ladies being also present in the galleries. Lord Ardmillan presided, accompanied by the Lord Provost, the Lord Justice Clerk, Professor Blackie, Mr. Adam Black, M.P., Mr. Robert Chambers, and others.

The largest and most illustrious of all the gatherings took place in Glasgow at the City Hall. Here were present Sir Archibald Alison, who presided, supported on the right by Colonel Burns, Sir David Brewster, Samuel Lover (the bard of Erin), and on the left by the Lord Provost, Judge Haliburton, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, M.P., and Dr. Norman Macleod. There were also present Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. James Lowe (of the *Critic*), Mr. William Burns, Mr. Robert Burns Begg and Mr. Begg, jun., Col. Mellish, Mr. A. J. Symington, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Burns, and many others. The speeches of Mr. Milnes, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Jerrold, and the other gentlemen, who had travelled from London specially for the occasion, were received with loud cheers. Mr. James Lowe, of this journal, returned thanks, according to the programme, for "The Press."

Other large gatherings were held in Dublin, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Southampton, Shields, Dundee, Manchester, Bristol, Rochdale, Huddersfield, Bradford, Paisley, &c. In all of these cities and towns a number of smaller, but no less enthusiastic parties were assembled, and there is probably no town of any magnitude in the United Kingdom in which some attempt was not made to celebrate the day.

BURNSIANA.

When the poet's mausoleum at Dumfries was opened in 1834 to receive the mortal remains of his widow, the "Bonnie Jean," several individuals whose taste, to say the least, was doubtful, obtained a cast of the poet's skull, which having been submitted to the late Mr. George Combe, that gentleman drew up a paper explanatory of its phrenological "development." This paper was printed at the time, accompanied with drawings, and we regret Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, thought fit again to give it to the world.

Our readers will no doubt be glad to see how a contemporary newspaper announced the death of the poet. The following is copied from the *Glasgow Courier* of Tuesday, 26th July, 1796:

On the 21st inst. died, at Dumfries, after a lingering illness, the celebrated Robert Burns. His poetical compositions, distinguished equally by the force of native humour, by the warmth and tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, will remain a lasting monument of the vigour and the versatility of a mind guided only by the lights of nature and the inspiration of genius. The public, to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered him useless to himself and family. The last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence, and his widow, with five infant children, and the hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband.

A subscription for the widow and children of poor Burns is immediately to be set on foot, and there is little doubt of its being an ample one.

FUNERAL OF ROBERT BURNS.—Actuated by the regard which is due to the shade of such a genius, his remains were interred on Monday last, the 23rd July, with military honours and every suitable respect. The corpse having been previously conveyed to the Town Hall of Dumfries, remained there till the following ceremony took place: The military there, consisting of the Cinque Port Cavalry and the Angus-shire Fencibles, having handsomely rendered their services, lined the streets on both sides to the burial ground. The Royal Dumfries Volunteers (of which he was a member), in uniform, with crape on their left arm, supported the bier; a party of that corps, appointed to perform the military obsequies, moving in slow, solemn time to the "Dead March in Saul," which was played by the military band, preceded in mournful array with arms reversed. The principal part of the inhabitants and neighbourhood, with a number of particular friends of the bard, from remote parts, followed in procession; the great bells of the churches tolling at intervals. Arrived at the churchyard gate, the funeral party, according to the rules of that exercise, formed two lines, and leaned their heads on their firelocks, pointed to the ground. Through this space the corpse was carried. The party drew up alongside the grave, and, after the interment, fired three volleys over it. The whole ceremony presented a solemn, grand, and affecting spectacle, and accorded with the general regret for the loss of a man whose like we shall scarce see again.

It appears that the Crystal Palace Company were not the only persons who offered a prize for a Burns poem—the committee of the great festival in Dundee having put forth a similar invitation for the best three verses additional "to 'Auld Lang Syne,' to be sung on the Centenary Night," 120 poets "in all quarters of Scotland" sent in their productions. The Rev. George Gilfillan, the adjudicator, decided in favour of Mr. George Taylor, of Glasgow. We confess that the idea of "Auld Lang Syne" being completed by Mr. George Taylor, of Glasgow, does not strike us as happy. A curious feature of the Centenary Festival is the large number of relics of the poet which the occasion has brought to light. At the Crystal Palace we have the original portrait, by Nasmyth, the smaller one by Taylor, and a contemporary picture of the inauguration of Burns as the poet-laureate of the Masonic Lodge of which he was a member. The original manuscripts of "Scots wha hae," and "Highland Mary," the original commission of Burns appointing him to the Excise, the original manuscripts of the "Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie," the "Epistle to Davie, a brother poet," the "Brigs of Ayr," "Wooded and Married, and a," "Bonnie Dundee," besides a number of original letters, "a lock of the poet's hair slightly dashed with grey," a lock of Mrs. Burns's (Bonnie Jean's) "lint white," a silver snuff-box which belonged to the poet "made from the hawthorn under which he sat with Mary Campbell," &c. At the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, were exhibited the family Bible of William and Agnes Burns, the parents of the poet; the watch of Burns's father, worn also by the poet after his father's death, until he entered the Excise, when he got a new watch; the pair of gloves which Burns wore at the funeral of the Earl of Glencairn; the whip and spurs of Burns used by him in his rides about the country as a gauger; manuscript of "The Jolly Beggars;" bound up with this is a copy of verses addressed to Susanna, Countess of Eglington, by Allan Ramsay, and in his handwriting.

At the King's Arms, Glasgow, the chairman occupied "the chair in which Burns composed the greater part of his poems." At the "Burns Club Dinner," Glasgow, were shown—two leaves from "Fraud Register" (a register kept by Excise officers of all offences against the Revenue within their Divisions), copy of Board's "General Order," and three Traders' Entries, all in Burns's handwriting; a letter of Burns's brother, Gilbert; and a snuff-box made from the rafters of "Burns's Cottage;" a portrait of the poet, encircled with a portion of Highland Mary's hair, presented to Mr. Hastie by her nephews, William and Robert Anderson, in 1826; also, the letter from Burns to the Hon. Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, presented to the club some time ago; and at the "Literary and Artistic Festival" in the same city, a Scottish contemporary says: The chair at the head of the table was one which was at one time in possession of the father of "Bonny Jean," and many a time has the poet sat in it in his courting days. It folds up like a desk, and in it Burns is reported to have written the song of "Corn Riggs." It passed into possession of the poet's family, and was ultimately raffled for 7l., and gained by the late Mr. Buchanan; and was courteously placed at the disposal of the committee by Mrs. Buchanan. Among the interesting relics in the room was a song in the poet's own handwriting, which he sang at the Kilmarnock Kilwinning Lodge in 1786, and presented by him to Wm. Parker, R.W.M. of the lodge. It is the property of Mr. Gabriel Neil. There was also one of the original subscriptions sheets for the Kilmarnock edition of the poems, in which is written after one of the names the expressive remark, "the blockhead received it." Living contemporaries of Burns were in some cases the curiosities exhibited; and even grandsons of persons who had been intimate with the poet were invited to take the chair on that ground. It is worth noting, amid this general enthusiasm, the only dissentient voices have been heard in Scotland. At Glasgow, Dr. Norman Macleod delivered a speech upon the poet's morals, which was received with some disapprobation; the *Scotsman* says: "The following remarks, which are sent us as those with which the Rev. Dr. W. L. Alexander closed his lecture yesterday, will be everywhere (?) read with disgust at their spirit and contempt of their shallowness: 'Is there not an idolatry of genius among you? What is the homage which thousands in this city and throughout the country are going to pay to the memory of a man this week but something of this kind? I am not about to detract from the genius of this man in what I am going to say. If he had been a mighty prince who had delivered a nation from a cruel bondage, and raised it to a high condition of liberty and civilisation—if he had been a discoverer in science and philosophy who had conferred the benefits of wealth and social improvement upon the world—I should consider the homage about to be paid to him as both foolish and wrong; but when he was a person who never loved a woman but to betray her, and who never made an acquaintance among either young men or women but he injured and corrupted, I am at a loss to explain the infatuation that has fallen upon my country. England would not do so for her Milton—Germany would not do so for her Goethe—Italy would not do so for Tasso or Dante; but Scotch-

men are about to do this for a man who was far beneath either of these great sons of genius. I cannot but regard this conduct, in every view of it, as both foolish and wicked."

Miss Isa Craig, the successful authoress of the prize poem on Burns's Centenary, is, we have reason to believe, a native of Edinburgh, and a working woman, who until very recently maintained herself by her needle. For two years past she has resided in London. Early left an orphan, she was reared and educated under the care of a grandmother not in affluent circumstances. With praiseworthy industry, and self-cultivation of her intellectual powers, she early resolved to work out her own pecuniary independence. By occasional poetical contributions to the *Edinburgh Scotsman* she gained the notice and kindness of Mr. John Ritchie, the oldest and principal proprietor of that journal, and for some years she was employed by this early patron and friend on its literary department. In 1856 she gave to the world a small volume of "Poems by Isa," published by the Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh. Many of these had previously appeared in the *Scotsman*, a circumstance to which the writer alludes in the preface. In this preface she informs us that "the following poems have been written in the intervals of leisure afforded by a life of toil. . . . Recognising in poetry an art to be cultivated with enthusiasm for its own sake, as well as for the sake of the refined enjoyment which its exercise bestows, the writer has aspired to render them, as far as possible, artistic efforts." She goes on to say that, "However much she may value—if she obtains it—the approval of persons of taste and education, she will prize still more highly the appreciation of the class to which she belongs, and whose elevation and refinement she most earnestly desires." The poems of which she thus speaks, although not very striking, are nevertheless rather above than below the ordinary standard of merit. A few only are in the Scotch dialect. The subjects are various, some being from nature, some from ordinary social life, and some from pure imagination. Towards the end of the volume there occur a few poems called forth by the events of the late war. From one of these, headed "Sebastopol," we extract the following two stanzas:

I.
She sat upon the shore,
And look'd defiance from her hundred guns—
When France and England's warrior sons
Came the blue waters o'er.
'Twas harvest in the land;
'Mid peaceful farms and piled sheaves,
And clustering grapes and autumn leaves,
They leapt upon the strand.
To meet the foe they rush'd
On Alma's slopes they trod the vine;
Each drank the fiercely mingled wine
From death's red vintage crush'd.

II.
Before her granite walls
They came, and back her proud defiance hurl'd,
And their brave boast rang through the world—
"Oppression's stronghold falls!"
The storied times of old
With battle and with siege are rife;
But this prolong'd, gigantic strife
Mocks all that hath been told.
Immortal fields of fight
Those fiercely leaguer'd walls surround.
Each spot a bloody battle-ground,
River, and vale, and height.

There is much vigour and spirit in these verses, while the metre very much resembles that of the prize poem. In 1856 Messrs. Blackwood published in a small volume a collection of Miss Craig's fugitive metrical compositions, under the title of "Poems by Isa." The author has also been a contributor under the signature of "C." to the poetry of the *National Magazine*. In August, 1857, on Miss Craig's first visit to a London friend, Mr. Hastings, the hon. secretary of the National Association of Social Science, engaged her services in the organization of the society, and to this association Miss Craig is still attached as a literary assistant. The published transactions of the Association owe much to her talent and good judgment. At the Liverpool meeting in October last, Miss Craig attracted general notice and commendation by her unobtrusive conduct and tact in the management of some departments of the business. Miss Craig was absent from the Crystal Palace meeting, really ignorant of the success of her literary competition, and of the award of the judges. It had happened that she had not seen the mottoes on the successful poem made public some days since. The chances of a young Scotchwoman against 621 male and female competitors did not tempt her to attend the adjudication, and she was not informed of her success till late after the termination of the meeting at Sydenham Palace.

LITERARY NEWS.

A WILD CHARGE, recently made by an unfortunate gentleman who believed himself injured by the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has been gravely repeated in the United States, and gravely debated upon. Did messages really pass between Valencia Bay and Newfoundland? or were the directors and agents on both sides in an ingenious confederacy for

hocus-pocussing the public? The *Weekly Herald* (New York) of the 11th inst. says that the slander referred to has been spread "with great virulence by the friends of a kindred enterprise," and gravely proceeds, by the "help of a file of American papers, and the London Times," to defend the directors. We must confess that we thought there were few doubts out of Bedlam on the matter. Did Sir Fenwick Williams—whose speech at St. John's was flashed across, or pretended to be flashed across, the ocean in an instant—join the confederacy? Was the Lord Mayor—was the Mayor of New York, a party? Did Queen Victoria join the hoax, and let the directors know what she was going to say a fortnight beforehand? and was President Buchanan induced to come in to the "smart" but disreputable proceeding? We confess that we think these things unlikely.

Professor Child, of Harvard College, the American editor of Spenser, is to be in England next month, "to complete his studies of Chaucer in Chaucer's native country." Here is a fact for him concerning the poet: It appears, from "Letter-book G" in the archives at Guildhall, that Geoffrey Chaucer took a lease of the old city gate at Aldgate, for the profit, no doubt, arising from the tolls anciently paid there.

I have got a curious letter (says a writer in the *Literary Gazette*), which nobody in England has yet seen. It is addressed by Walter Savage Landor to the Marquis of Normanby. I believe that he and Lord Normanby used to be most intimate, and when the latter was Viceroy, and came over to England for a couple of days, on parliamentary business, Mr. Landor only was invited to dine with him. They were, in short, great friends. But when they met in Florence at the end of last year, the Marquis deemed it proper to abstain from noticing his old ally. Everybody whom his Lordship knows in Italy is so perfectly pure and immaculate that it would have been a fearful shock to Florentine society had Lord Normanby bowed to the aged poet, upon whom there rested a certain slur. One would prefer to believe that Landor was deceived, and that no intentional slight was offered; for in answer to the letter I am going to read you, the Marquis wrote. But the indignant poet returned the epistle unopened. Here is his own: December 30.—My Lord,—Now I am recovering from an illness of several months' duration, aggravated not little by your Lordship's rude reception of me at the Casino, in presence of my family and numerous Florentines, I must remind you, in the gentlest terms, of the occurrence. It was the only personal indignity I ever received. We are old men, my lord, and verging on decrepitude and imbecility; else my note might be more emphatic. Do not imagine I am unobservant of distinctions. You, by the favour of a minister, are Marquis of Normanby; I, by the grace of God, am Walter Savage Landor. Surely this style of sarcasm is a little misplaced. Even Mr. Savage Landor cannot expect to be allowed to commit outrages upon common decency, and when he is clearly convicted of them to find his society courted by his countrymen abroad who are aware of these things.

Mr. Bentley will publish almost immediately, in one volume, "The Life of Charles James Fox," by Lord John Russell.

On Saturday the principal and professors of King's College, and the head master and masters of King's College School, threw open the whole of the spacious rooms of the college adjoining Somerset House, for the purpose of a *soirée*, to which they had invited a large number of the aristocracy and the leading men connected with art, science, and literature of the day. Nearly 4,000 persons were present, and among them was a very large proportion of ladies. The *soirée* was to some extent a continuation of the one given on Tuesday by the principal and masters of the evening classes recently established in connection with the college, and which have been received with so much favour by that portion of the public for whose benefit they were designed, that already several hundreds of young men have joined the various classes. The large entrance-hall, the corridors, library, and museum of the college were abundantly supplied with works of art, which had been lent for the occasion by their owners, and the inspection of which afforded great pleasure to the crowd of visitors. The museum was examined with much interest, and Mr. Babbage's wonderful calculating machine, which has never yet been able to calculate with accuracy the vast sums which have been expended in its construction. Mr. Hullah's choir performed a selection of madrigals and glees.

The *Bookseller* says that a rumour has been rather industriously circulated that Mr. Charles Dickens, having written a new work, was about intrusting it to new publishers. What truth there may be in the first portion of the statement we cannot say, but we believe we are correct in saying that he has no intention of leaving his original publishers—Messrs. Chapman and Hall. In order to facilitate the winding-up of accounts with another house, we think it probable that *Household Words* may pass under the hammer. [The "passing under the hammer" will, we suspect, be something of a farce, inasmuch that the name of Mr. Dickens has become so identified with that periodical that to attempt to continue it without that name would be an absurdity.]

We gather other items of literary news from the

same source: A new life of Daniel Defoe, with remarks, digressive and discursive, by Mr. William Chadwick, of Arksey, Doncaster, is in the press. The Rev. John O'Hanlon, 17, James-street, Dublin, is preparing to publish, by subscription, the life of St. Malachy O'Morgair, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in the early part of the twelfth century. Amongst the works now in progress, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, is one which will be found of great interest to all Londoners; it is a transcript of the "Liber Albus" in the Guildhall library—a work which will throw considerable light upon the manners and customs of the good citizens in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Dress, food, trade, dwellings, streets, markets, and many other matters, were regulated by authority, and so precise were many of the directions, that they would almost seem to have been copied by our august ally across the Channel.

The Rev. Alexander Dyce is about to answer the charges made against him by Mr. J. Payne Collier in his last edition of *Shakspeare*.

The London compositors have disclaimed all connection with the *London Press Journal*, but not in time, it seems, to prevent notice of action being served on their secretary for a libel, at the suit of Mr. Harrison, of Sheffield, who, we regret to hear, has adopted the same course towards two booksellers for merely selling copies of the work.

We understand that Mr. Bohn is preparing a new edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's works on the basis of Lord Wharnccliffe's edition, of which he has purchased the copyright. The work will be welcome, for Lord Wharnccliffe's three volumes, published twenty years ago, are scarce, stray copies selling for more than their original price. The works, however, will want a thorough noting, and the memoirs a careful re-writing. A worse-edited book than Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary's works we have never met with; the incompetence and want of knowledge of the noble editor being everywhere ludicrously apparent. Dallaway, to whose version Lord Wharnccliffe trusted, played strange tricks with the text of the letters. The originals of these, and the mysterious manuscript book of the Amsterdam clergyman, are, we believe, in the possession of the executors of the late Lord Dudley Stuart; these must at least be looked to. The subject is beset with difficulties and pitfalls, into which unwary editors are apt to fall.

By a return just issued, it appears that the duty on paper in the year ended the 31st March, amounted to 1,130,683*l.*, and in the preceding year to 1,138,880*l.*

The Wellington College was opened for receiving students on the 20th. The Queen will to-day formally open the college.

The immortal Lady Morgan thus protests against the want of gallantry in one of our critical contemporaries:—

TO MY REVIEWER.

My life is not dated by years,
For Time has drawn lightly his plough,
And they say scarce a furrow appears
To reveal what I ne'er will avow.

Till the spirit is quench'd, still a glow
Will fall o'er the dream of my days,
And brighten the hours as they flow
In the sunset of memory's rays.

For as long as we feel we enjoy,
And the heart sets all dates at defiance,
And forgetful of life's last alloy,
With Time makes a holy alliance.

Then talk not to me of "my age,"
I appeal from the phrase to the fact,
That I'm told in your own brilliant page,
I'm still young in fun, fancy, and tact.

SYDNEY MORGAN.

The following Warrant, under the Royal sign-manual, extracted from the *Gazette* of the 17th inst., announces a change long expected by many in the Church:

"VICTORIA R.—Whereas by our royal warrant of the 21st day of June, 1837, in the first year of our reign, we commanded that certain forms of prayer and service made for the 5th of November, the 30th of January, and the 29th of May, should be forthwith printed and published and annexed to the Book of Common Prayer and Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, to be used yearly on the said days in all cathedral and collegiate churches and chapels, in all chapels of colleges and halls within our Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and of our colleges of Eton and Winchester, and in all parish churches and chapels within those parts of our United Kingdom called England and Ireland. And whereas in the last session of Parliament addresses were presented to us by both houses of Parliament, praying us to take into our consideration our proclamation in relation to the said forms of prayer and service made for the 5th day of November, the 30th day of January, and the 29th day of May, with a view to their discontinuance. And whereas we have taken into our consideration the subject of the said addresses, and, after due deliberation, we have resolved that the use of the said forms of prayer and service shall be discontinued. Now, therefore, our will and pleasure is, that so much of our said royal warrant of the 21st of June 1837, in the first year of our reign, as is hereinbefore recited, be revoked, and that the use of the said forms of prayer and service made for the 5th of November, the 30th of January, and the 29th of May, be henceforth discontinued in all cathedral and collegiate churches and chapels, in all chapels of colleges and halls within our Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and of our colleges of Eton and Winchester, and in all parish churches and chapels within the parts of our United Kingdom called England and Ireland, and that the said forms of prayer and service be not henceforth printed and published with, or annexed to, the Book of Common

Prayer and Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland. Given at our Court at Saint James's, the 17th day of January, 1859, in the 22nd year of our reign. By her Majesty's command.—S. H. WALPOLE.

The Master of the Rolls has introduced competitive examinations into the department over which he presides. Henceforth, not only will the introduction to that service be regulated by examination, but promotion to the appointments of assistant keepers of the second class will depend entirely on the merits and good conduct of the candidates. From the miscellaneous nature of the rolls, state papers, and documents now for the first time collected in the New Repository, and their various uses for legal, historical, and antiquarian purposes, an amount of knowledge, skill, and experience is required in every officer of the Record establishment which can be more easily dispensed with in less literary branches of the public service.

The case of Napier v. Routledge has ended in a refusal by the Vice-Chancellor to confirm the injunction to restrain the publication of the "Life of Montrose," as prayed by Mr. Napier, the author of several works on the same subject. His Honour thought that although use of Mr. Napier's labours had been made, it was not sufficient to constitute piracy. The same quotations had been used; but it was undoubtedly proved that Grant had gone to the same source as Napier, and had in some cases enlarged the quotations taken by the latter. It was clear that Mr. Grant had had recourse to many original documents, and had followed Wishart, and not Napier, as his basis; that he had inserted many interesting and original facts, which he had collected himself. All these were *indicia* of fair and legitimate use. As for the Messrs. Routledge, they had acted in the most proper manner throughout. The plaintiff was not entitled to any relief upon his bill, and an inquiry was to be made as to the loss sustained by the defendants from having the sale of their work stopped.

Mr. Barnum values his literary labours highly. Messrs. Routledge have offered him 1200*l.* for the exclusive copyright in this country of his lectures. Mr. Barnum has, however, declined this munificent offer, on the ground that his "Suggestions on the Art of Money Making" are calculated to have a much larger sale.

The French Academy has lately published the first collection of materials for a work upon which it has been engaged for the last twenty-three years. It is an historical dictionary of the French language. This first fragment of a work that promises to be most voluminous, has suggested to the ingenious editor of the *Correspondance Littéraire*, the following calculations: The fragment of 368 pages, quarto, finishes at the word *abusivement*, which is at the thirteenth page of the other dictionary of the Academy, which has 1,872 pages. There is now concluded, then, only the 144th part of the entire work, which must consist of fifty-six volumes of more than 900 pages each. If the illustrious body continues to labour according to this plan, and takes in proportion the same time over the succeeding volumes that it has expended over the first, it will only have finished its task in 3,280 years; that is to say, that the generation which will have the happiness of enjoying the historification of the letter Z will flourish in the year 5147 after J.C.

The appeal of M. Proudhon, against the judgment of the French courts, condemning him to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 4,000 francs, for publishing his work entitled "La Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Eglise," has been unsuccessful. The unfortunate gentleman's sentence has been pronounced definitive.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte has been named member of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. The Academy has also conferred this distinction on Baron de Brunow, Russian minister in London, and on other eminent personages.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Henry's First Latin-book, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Practical Introduction to Latin Prose Composition, Part I. 11th edit. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Barnum on Money Making, by the Great American Showman, &c. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Blight, or the Novel Hater, by the Author of "Good in Everything," 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Bradshaw's Shareholder's Guide, Railway Manual, &c. 1859. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Bunsen's Egypt's Place in Universal History, translated by Cottrell, Vol. III. 8vo. 25s. 6d.
Collins's Classic Atlas for Schools and Families, imp. 8vo. 12s. half-bound.
Craig's (Miss G.) Lost and Won, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Cornwall's Two Journeys to Japan, 1856-7, illus. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 6d.
Craig's (Isa) Poem on Burns, 4to. 6d. awd.
Dierckx's (Jasac) Amusements of Literature, new edit. (2 vols.) Vol. I. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Dumas' The Watchmaker, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Dunn's (F. V.) Veterinary Medicines, their Actions and Uses, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Family Treasury of Sabbath Reading, edit. by Camrose, Part I. 8vo. 6d.
Gore's (Mrs.) Temptation and Atonement, a Tale, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Handbook (The) of the Court, Peasage, and House of Commons, 1859 square, 1s. 6d.
Hardwick's Shilling Peasage, 1859. 32mo. 1s. 6d.
Hilly's Practical English Composition, Key to Part II. 18mo. 4s. 6d.
Hinde's (P. M.A.) Lecture on Poetry, 4to. 3s. bds.
Hinde's (Mr. & Mrs. C.) Book of the Thames, illus. 4to. 31s. cl. gilt.
Hall's (G. M.D.) Bores and Diseases, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Holdsworth's Law of Wills and Executors, new edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Hymns for Public Worship, 32mo. 1s. 6d.
Hennery's Discourse on the Study of Science, &c. 2nd. edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Hock's (W. F. D.D.) Church Dictionary, 8th edit. 8vo. 16s. 6d.
Instant Reckoner (The), new edit. 24mo. 1s. 6d. cl.

Kingley's Phænon, or Loose Thoughts for a Loose Thinker, 3rd edit. crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish, 5th edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Literary (The) and Educational Year-book, 1859. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
McClulloch's Treatises and Essays on Money, Exchange, &c. 2nd edit. enlarged, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Midland Florist, new series, Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Mortley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, new edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s. 6d.
Morrison's (T. M.A.) Manual of School Management, &c. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Mortley's Twelve Movements for the Organ or Harmonium, fol. 2s. 6d.
Napoleon III. Comte de Montalembert, and "Our Free Press," 8vo. 1s.
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Pamphlet's King's College Sermons, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Parent's (The) Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, new edit. Vol. III. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Parlour Library: Edwards's Hand and Glove, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Railway Library: Topsis Sheet Blocks, by the "Old Sailor," new edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Richardson's (C., LL.D.) New Dictionary of the English Language, new edit. with Supplement, 2 vols. 4to. 41s. 6d. cl.
Ridd's (Capt. M.) Ocella, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Scott's Monastery, Railway Edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered, by Lord Campbell, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Sherratt's Popular Treatise on the Origin, Nature, &c. of Light, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Tales from German History, for the Use of Children, by a Lady, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Thompson's Universal Decorator, illus. Vol. II. 4to. 7s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Thompson's (W. M., D.D.) Land and the Book, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 6d.
Timble's Year Book of Facts and Events, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Views of the English Lakes and Mountains, with letterpress, oblong, 5s.
Watson's (C., D.D.) Family Prayers, 13th edit. cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

OBITUARY.

BAKER, Basil, one of the last remaining actors of the old school, died somewhat suddenly at his residence in Grove-street, Liverpool, at the age of 51. Mr. Baker was for many years connected with the Liverpool theatres, though he was also a deserved favourite with the theatrical public of Dublin and Manchester. He was also for several years a most useful actor in the Lyceum Theatre, in London, during the régime of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews.

D'ARNIM, Bettina, died at Berlin on the 29th of January. She was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main in 1785, and was the sister of the poet Clement Brentano. She married the celebrated writer Louis d'Arnim, who left her a widow in 1831. Madame d'Arnim's connection with Beethoven, the kind of adoration with which she regarded Goethe, and many other circumstances in her extraordinary life, have made her name known throughout Europe. Her "Correspondence of Goethe with a Child" is the most curious of the books which she published. In her later years she had devoted herself to philanthropic schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, upon which subject she recently published two remarkable works.

FOWLER, Frederick Town, the manager of the *Morning and Evening Herald* and *Standard* newspapers, died a few days since. Mr. Fowler had been long connected with the metropolitan press in the capacity of a reporter.

HALLAM, Henry, the eminent historian, died on Saturday last, aged 81. He was a son of Dr. Hallam, afterwards Dean of Bristol. Mr. Hallam was born about 1778, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. He afterwards settled in London, where he has since resided. In 1830 he received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals instituted by George IV. for eminence in historical composition, the other being awarded to Washington Irving. He was at an early period engaged as a regular contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, with his friends Brougham, Mackintosh, and Sydney Smith, and bore an active part in Mr. Wilberforce's great movement for abolishing the slave trade. About 1832, his elder son Arthur died suddenly while in Venice with his father, and it was on the subject of this loss that the Poet Laureate wrote his beautiful series of poems, entitled "In Memoriam." In his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where all writers believed to be connected with the *Edinburgh*, received a castigation more or less severe, Byron alludes to Hallam as "the classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek." Hallam was little known to the world except as an *Edinburgh Reviewer* when, in 1818, he published his "View of the State of Europe." To this he published "Supplemental Notes" in 1848. His second work was his famous one of the "Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.," published in 1827. A translation of this was published in the following year under the revision of Guizot, though it was by no means carefully executed. His last work was his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries: 1837-1839. The profound erudition and solid value of these works are now universally acknowledged.

LE GUIC, the Rev. Charles Val., the schoolfellow of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, died on Christmas-day last.

LORD NORTHWICH died on the 20th instant, at Northwich Park, Worcester. His lordship was celebrated as a connoisseur, and had himself brought together the numerous pictures and other objects of Art in the gallery at Thirlestaine House, and his other mansions in London, Northwich, and Cheltenham.

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12 Tea Spoons	0 18 0	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 18 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	0 1 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 16 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 8 0	0 11 0	0 13 0	0 16 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bl.	0 2 0	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 3 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 7 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0	0 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 17 0	1 0 0	1 10 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 8 0
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